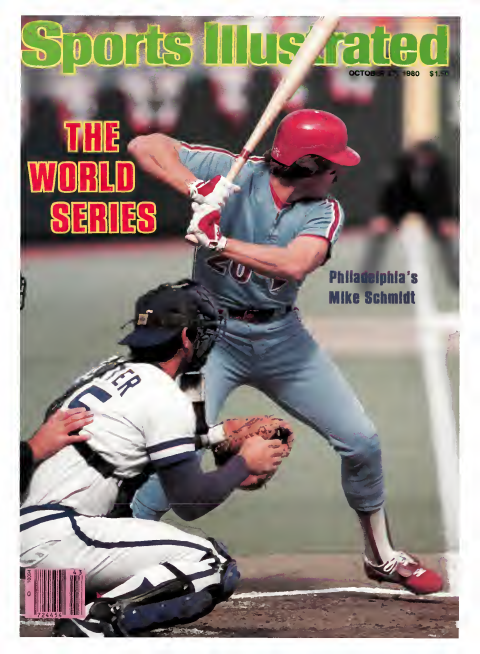


Sports Illustrated



OCTOBER 27, 1980 \$1.50

THE WORLD SERIES

Philadelphia's
Mike Schmidt





A man with curly hair, wearing a light-colored short-sleeved shirt and trousers, is sitting on a large tree branch in a jungle. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand and looking down at it. The background is filled with dense green foliage and tree trunks.

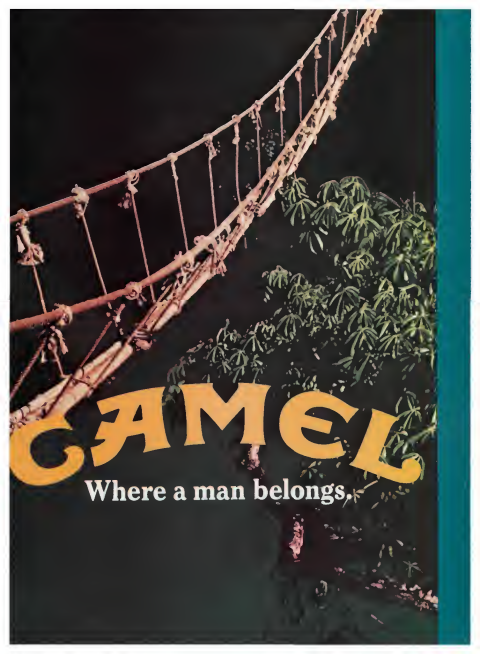
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The U.S. Government must devise tax incentives and other ways to encourage people to save a larger share of their income for the creation of more capital for reindustrialization and housing.

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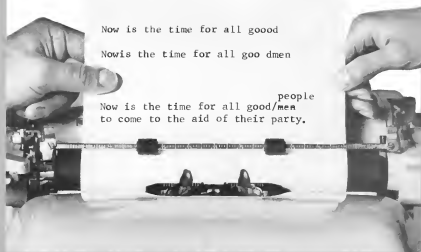
Next Week

A TALE OF TWO CITY street streaks will be played out as Bill Rodgers attempts to win his fifth consecutive New York City Marathon and Grete Waitz goes for her third triumph, and third world record, in as many years. Kenny Moore is at curb-side

AND NOW STARRING Bruce Jenner! The decathlete only a golden glow, Jenner is tearing up TV (announcing and commercials), movies (the next Cary Grant?), auto racing (move over, Paul Newman), sailing—you name it. A script by Bob Ottus

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People

BOOKTALK

by RICHARD ROGIN

FOR BIRDERS, THE NEW PETERSON GUIDE IS A MIGHTY FINE FEATHERED FRIEND

During the '40s, when I was growing up in New York City, I memorized the silhouettes of Stuka dive bombers and falcons and the batting average of every player in the American and National leagues. Among my heroes were Miller Gil Dodds, ornithologist Roger Tory Peterson and New York Yankee outfielder Charlie (King Kong) Keller. I had, as my youngest daughter now says, at least "fourteen" in baseball cards of the heavy-browed Keller.

Years ago my mother quite sensibly threw out the shoe box crammed with the baseball cards, an irrevocable act that my brother and I periodically lament. No wonder we are known to our father as "the boys," though obviously we're both getting on.

But two treasured artifacts from that occasionally passionate childhood have survived. One is a dark brown Wilson baseball glove, with Streamlined Kary Form fingers and Dark Wakefield's signature almost erased by an ancient history of caught and muffed balls and nervous fist poundings.

The other is Roger Tory Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds*, its corners rounded with use, its spine taped to hold it together. That familiar talismanic "Peterson," as it was called then and is called now, evokes all the bird-watching seasons and haunts of my youth: the blustery winter margins of the city, the sweet reek of summer marshes, leafy spring parks, a confusion of fall warblers high in the London plane trees, aaks and bitterns, thrushes and black-poll warblers. I was 12 years old when I got the book and mad about birds.

One writer has called Peterson's guide "the most influential bird book of this century." And this June, in a White House ceremony, Peterson—with Amel Adams, Beverly Sills, Admiral Hymen Rickover and others—was awarded the Medal of Freedom, the highest honor conferred upon civilians. Peterson's publisher, Houghton Mifflin, describes him as "the world's most honored naturalist," who helped start the environmental movement and even changed the migratory habits of some birds by indirectly encouraging winter feeding.

This fall, 33 years after the last revised edition, Peterson, now 72, has made a remarkable comeback. To cheers from this fan, he has published the "completely new" fourth edition of his famous guide, aka Peterson IV (hard-cover, \$15; paperback, \$9.95). It cov-

ers the 575 species that occur, some accidentally, in the U.S. and Canada east of the 100th meridian, which runs, roughly, along U.S. Route 83 down through the Dakotas and Kansas to Texas.

The Peterson System, which revolutionized field identification with realistic but schematic drawings, is still there in all its simplified glory. But Peterson has paired each of the species anew in 136 plates, redrawn in larger size, all illustrated in rich color in seasonal plumages. The species are shown mostly in profile and at rest. But where necessary, the plates depict birds in flight in both overhead and topside views, sometimes in the black-and-white pattern you would actually see looking up into the sky. Little arrows point to the key field marks—the white throat patch of the Canada goose or the eye-ring of the Connecticut warbler—for quick identification, with close-ups of a bill or a foot lobe if it's distinctive.

The drawings are often so lifelike that I half expected to see the marbled godwit fly off the page. There are also special page-noggers, among them the small black-bordered illustrations of extinct species: great auk, passenger pigeon, Labrador duck and Carolina parakeet.

Peterson anticipates and answers the essential questions: What shape are the wings, bill and tail? How does the bird behave? Does it swim? How does it fly?

Similar species are grouped together, with the plates headed with such broad titles as Yellow Finches, Dark Herons, Pink and Red Waders. And in a major improvement, the text on each bird—somewhat trimmed, it seems, from earlier editions—has been placed on the page opposite the appropriate illustration. I well remember frantically flipping the pages of my Peterson II between drawing (mostly in black and white, also) and description, seeking a sure identification while trying to keep some mysterious bird steady in my binoculars. I was always grateful when Peterson nailed down the identity of the bird in the glass before a few away.

In another helpful addition, there are 390 new color range maps, showing where the birds should be during the seasons. Nomenclature has been updated, too. The Baltimore oriole is now also called the northern oriole. What would Earl Weaver say about that?

The distinction of Peterson is not only in the drawings but also in the succinctness, accuracy and illuminating whimsy of the descriptions of the birds' appearance, voice, behavior and habitat.

Consider the following Peterson sampler. The oldsquaw is described as "talkative," its voice "a musical ow-owle-ow, or ow-ow-ow-ow." The reddish egret "when feeding, lurches about, acts drunk." "A chimney swift is 'like

continued

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BOOKTALK continued

SAMPLE ENTRIES: THE OLD...

BALTIMORE ORIOLE, *Icterus gularis*

PI 24

Field marks:—7-8" Smaller than a Robin. **Male**—Fawn orange and black. **Female and young**—Olive above, yellow below, with two wing-bars. Some females are quite orange, with some black around the head, thereby resembling males.

Similar species:—The male Redstart and the Blackburnian Warbler, the only other species with such intense orange, are both smaller than Sparrows. Females and young are very similar to the female Orchard Oriole, and are decidedly more orange-yellow. Female Orioles resemble female Tanagers in general coloration, but the latter birds show no wing-bars (except the accidental Western Tanager).

Voice:—Song, a series of rich, piping whistled notes. Note, a low whistled *hee-h*. Young birds just out of the nest give an incessant plaintive *tee-dee-dee*.

Range:—Breeds in groves and shade-trees (particularly elms) from Nova Scotia, Ontario, and s. Manitoba to n. Georgia, Louisiana, and s. Texas (absent on se. coastal plain), winters in Central America.

...AND THE NEW

"BALTIMORE" ORIOLE or NORTHERN ORIOLE (in part) M 336 *Icterus gularis* (in part) 7-8" (18-20 cm)

Male: Flame-orange and black, with a solid-black head. **Female and young:** Olive-brown above, burnt orange-yellow below, 2 white wing bars. Some females may have traces of black on the head, suggesting the hood of the male.

Similar species: (1) See "Bullock's" Oriole (western). (2) ♀ Orchard Oriole is greener than ♀ "Baltimore." (3) See ♀ tanagers.

Voice: Song, rich, piping whistled notes. Note, a low, whistled *hee-h*. Young (when begging), a plaintive *tee-dee-dee*.

Range: Canada, s. and cen. U.S. Winters in American tropics. **East:** Map. **Habitat:** Open woods, elms, shade trees.

a cigar with wings." And the behavior of the airborne swift is pitifully summed up: "Flight very rapid, 'twinkling,' sailing between spurs, wings often stiffly bowed."

The song of the chestnut-sided warbler sounds like "see see see see Miss Beech'er or please, please pleased to meet'cha, penultimate note accented, last note dropping." The Swainson's warbler is a "skulker, seldom seen," perhaps because its habitat is "swamps, bogs, stream bottoms, woodland brush" and rhododendron-hemlock tangles in the central Appalachians.

Anyone who has ever walked into deep woods and heard the song of the very keen is the ringing accuracy of Peterson's description: "liquid, breezy, ethereal, wheeling downward: vee-ur, vee-ur, vee-ur, vee-ur."

The publishing history of the Peterson guide is legendary. Brought out in 1934, in the depths of the Depression, it surprisingly sold out its first printing of 2,000 copies within the first week. The book has sold two million copies over the years, and a companion guide to Western birds has sold another million.

Houghton Mifflin ran off an enormous first printing of 350,000 copies of Peterson

IV, equating the house record of J.R.R. Tolkien's bestselling *Silmarillion*. With borders numbered in the millions, the publisher is understandably bullish on the bird-guide market. The three most popular guides—totaling five volumes among them—sell an estimated 700,000 copies annually.

"The aficionados, the birders, are buying multiple copies," chirps Tom Martin, Houghton Mifflin's sales manager, about Peterson IV. "Cloth for the shelf, paper in their backpacks. Bird people have been waiting for this. The word is fervor. It's like people who are interested in the Bible—they'll go out and buy a new translation."

For sentimentality as well as objective reasons, I'm happy that Peterson has met the competition with his splendid revision. Several years ago, when I was soring out wood storks and white ibis in the Everglades, it was with a distinct feeling of disloyalty that I used the Golden Press' fine *Birds of North America* because most of its illustrations are in color. With Peterson IV in the bookstores, Golden hopes to offer a new edition of its guide next year.

Now all I need to know is, whether happened to Dick Wakefield? **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

USC: THE UNIVERSITY OF SPECIAL CASES

It was troubling enough when USC, which is currently celebrating its 100th birthday—it opened its doors on Oct. 6, 1880—was disqualified with four other schools from this season's Pac-10 football race. That penalty, announced in August by the chancellors and presidents of the conference schools, was imposed in USC's case because of "unwarranted intrusions by the athletic department into academic processes," a reference to a speech course for which 32 Trojan athletes were to receive credit while doing little or no work. Then, last week, USC's new president, James H. Zumberge, released an in-house study suggesting that academic transgressions involving USC athletes went far beyond that lone speech class. Among other things, the study charged that over the past decade some 330 "academically marginal" athletes had been admitted to USC "based chiefly on athletic prowess as judged by the athletic department and without normal admissions office review."

That statement cast in an unfavorable light Southern Cal's remarkably successful athletic program—and the university generally. Over the years, USC (current enrollment 12,600) has won 63 NCAA team titles, far more than any other school. In football it has been named national champion eight times and has appeared in 23 Rose Bowls, winning 17 of them. At the 1976 Summer Olympics its athletes won eight gold medals, a board that would have put USC, were it a country, in sixth place behind the Soviet Union, East Germany, the U.S., West Germany and Japan. The luster of these accomplishments would certainly be diminished if it turned out that USC had admitted an average of more than 30 athletes a year in violation of its own academic procedures and NCAA rules.

To be sure, there was some debate as to whether any rules had been violated. Disputing the findings of the faculty report, USC Athletic Director Richard Perry insisted that entrance of the athletes in question, who represented vir-

tually all sports and included women, had in fact been subject to veto by the admissions department. John R. Hubbard, whom Zumberge succeeded as Southern Cal's president in August and under whom the athletes were admitted (and who ordered the study), pointed out that the athletes had gained entrance to the university under an affirmative action-type program that also covered students in such fields as music and prelaw. NCAA regulations specify that athletes must be admitted "in accordance with the regular published entrance requirements of that institution," a rule sufficiently vague that no school has ever been held in violation of it. Hubbard's contention was that the athletes fulfilled the normal requirements governing so-called "high-risk" admissions. But Vance Peterson, USC's director of academic relations, said, "The difference was that the admissions department didn't exercise veto power over the admissions decisions of the athletic department. It did everywhere else in the university. The policy that was developed said, 'Hands off, admissions office, you're not a part.'"

USC is one of many schools that have adopted affirmative action, or "minority access," programs in recent years as a way of giving disadvantaged youngsters, who ordinarily might not meet admissions standards, a crack at college. But these well-intended programs, which are supposedly designed for students with at least a spark of academic promise, should not be used for the wholesale admission of athletes; after all, while the heads of prelaw, music and other departments that admit such students are academicians, primarily concerned with classroom performance, the same cannot be said, as a rule, of football coaches. It's a flagrant abuse of the spirit of such programs that athletes apparently made up as much as 25% of USC's total undergraduate special-access admissions. It's all the more so when one considers that, according to the latest available comparison, only 12% of the high-risk athletes graduated vs.

35% of the high-risk students generally.

Zumberge is under no illusions about the harm that can be done by admitting academically deficient athletes under whatever program. Speaking of colleges generally, he noted in his introduction to the study, "Too often the practice has been to admit athletes with marginal academic motivations and abilities, permit them to drift through the curriculum and, once athletic eligibility is used up, to cast them aside with neither a degree nor much hope of attaining one." To deal with the situation at USC, Zumberge announced a number of reforms, including stricter enforcement of entrance requirements for athletes with final decisions to be made solely by the admissions office. Yet there is reason to question how much good any of this will do. Until Zumberge and, more important, USC's rabid alumni indicate that they would accept more than occasional defeat on the playing field, the intense pressure to win, which helps cause academic corruption, will continue.

Given its preeminence in intercollegiate athletics, USC could, if it meant business, assume a leading role in combating the malaise afflicting college sports. In the process, it could better meet its avowed goals. During his 10 years as USC's president, Hubbard was an unabashed athletic booster who called sports "a kind of glue that holds the university and community together." But he also set for himself the task of improving the school's academic standing, which he succeeded in doing. Zumberge has committed himself to do the same, a worthy enough objective in a centennial year. But he can't possibly succeed unless he roots out transcript, curriculum and admissions abuses in athletics that have sullied USC, as they have other schools. Otherwise, as Zumberge himself concluded in issuing his school's report, "The potential exists for gradually undermining the integrity and credibility of the educational enterprise as a whole."

CONTINUED

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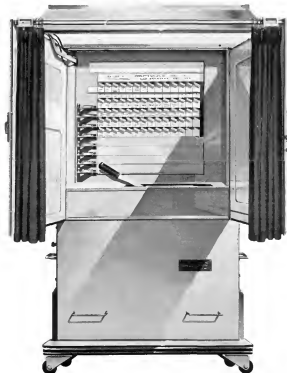
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NO RUNS, NO HITS, THREE ERRORS

During a campaign stop earlier this year in Columbia, S.C., Ronald Reagan mentioned that he has been sympathetic to the advancement of blacks in U.S. society as far back as when he was a radio sportscaster, which was before baseball's color line was broken, or, as Reagan put it, "in the days before Willie Mays and Hank Aaron." Reagan apparently meant Hank Aaron. Sauer, an outfielder for the Chicago Cubs and other teams in the 1940s and '50s, is white.

Last month, making an appearance in a church in Oakland, John Anderson referred to the man next to him as his "good friend, Paul Warfield." It was actor Paul Winfield. Anderson had apparently confused Winfield with the former wide receiver for the Browns and Dolphins.

At about the same time, speaking before a Houston audience, Jimmy Carter predicted that "as soon as the Houston Oilers get their taming down, Seattler and his receivers will be winning every week." He meant Ken Stabler.

Any wonder you're still undecided?

THE SPORTING ANGLE

For parochial excess, it's hard to beat the headline in the *Philadelphia Journal* over a story recounting how University of Pennsylvania economist Lawrence Klein had reached the pinnacle of his life:

PUBLIES
FAN WINS
A NOBEL

That, we suppose, is something like the *Cracow Journal* running this one:

TAB LOCAL
SKI BLUFF
PONTIFF

PRESERVING CHARACTER

The Polara golf ball and the spaghetti tennis racket have a lot in common. Each came onto the market a few years ago amid claims it would revolutionize its sport. Each was banned. And in recent weeks, the merits of each have been argued and reargued in federal antitrust suits brought in hopes of lifting the ban.

The Polara ball is billed as hook-resistant and slice-resistant, properties attributed, as improbable as it may seem, to the varying depth of its dimples. Concerned lest use of the ball change the character of the game, the USGA refused to approve the Polara for its tournaments. Polara Enterprises Inc., which developed the ball, then sued the USGA and the

Golf Ball Manufacturers Association in U.S. District Court in San Francisco, charging them with having illegally conspired to keep the ball off the market and asking \$1 million in damages. On Sept. 5, after two years of litigation, Judge Robert H. Schnacke ruled against Polara, holding that in refusing to approve the ball the USGA had acted without "suggestion of any collusion" with the Golf Ball Manufacturers Association.

Still to be resolved is a similar suit brought in U.S. District Court in Omaha by the manufacturer of the spaghetti racket, Gunter Harz Sports Inc. The spaghetti racket, which is double-strung in such a way as to increase spin, came upon the scene in a big way in 1977 when Ilie Nastase and several other tour players began using it, often with dramatic effect. The spaghetti racket, too, threatened the character of its game, or so said the International Tennis Federation in outlawing it, a decision subsequently honored by the USTA. The manufacturer sued the USTA for \$2 million in damages and asked for an injunction lifting the ban, arguing that the USTA had "uncritically" followed the ITF ban, which in turn had been issued partly in response to pressure from some pros. A decision in the case is expected soon.

LEOPARD, RHINO & A LOT OF TIGERS

Football bragging rights in the Palmetto State will be settled when Clemson (currently 4-2) meets South Carolina (6-1) in the season finale next month. Also to be cleared up is this question: Who's the state's best placekicker? Clemson's Obed Anri has hit on all 10 of his PAT attempts this season and 11 of 17 field-goal tries, including a 52-yarder. A striker on Clemson's 1979 NCAA runner-up soccer team, Anri, a Nigerian, is playing football this season by virtue of a three-year-old NCAA rule granting eligibility to graduate students who have played fewer than four years as undergrads (he's working toward a master's in business) and another relatively recent rule allowing pros from one sport to compete as collegians in others (he was a bench warmer last summer with the NASL's Chicago Sting). Something else of note about Anri is his middle name, Chukwuoma. Asked what it means, he replies, "God only knows." So it's a mystery? "You don't understand," he says. "In Nigerian it means 'God only knows.'"

Now for South Carolina's placekicker.

Hailing as he does from Cayce, S.C.—and not playing any pro sport—the 21-year-old senior who performs placekicking chores (31 for 31 on PATs, six of six on field goals) for the Gamecocks might appear at first to be a less exotic sort than Anri. But the fact that his name is Eddie Leopard and that his holder is named Tim Rhino should make the Nov. 22 showdown against Anri and the other Tigers all the more memorable.

SAY HEY, JOSEPH HENRY GARAGOLA

He said after the opening game of the World Series he wished to be known, henceforth, as Willie Aikens, a request one might think would be easy enough to honor. So why in the name of Cassius Clay, Bobby Moore, Keith Wilkes, Cornelius McGillicuddy and Lew Alcindor did the NBC telecasters take four days to stop referring to the Royals' slugging first baseman as Willie Mays Aikens?

JOINING THE RANK AND FILE

A couple of weeks before the start of this year's U.S. Open, the Association of Tennis Professionals, the men's players' union, withdrew a threat to boycott Flushing Meadows and said its grievances had been settled to its satisfaction. Be that as it may, the ATP's bargaining position had scarcely been helped by the fact that five of the game's premier players—Bjorn Borg, John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis and Guillermo Vilas—weren't members. In fact, the ATP, which had virtually every other pro in the world on its rolls, has suffered for years because of its failure to sign up the game's biggest stars.

Now, without any fanfare, Borg and McEnroe have joined the ATP. With the game's No. 1 and No. 2 stars signed on, it becomes insignificant that Nos. 3, 4 and 8 are still holding out. The ATP is suddenly a more powerful force in the game, and any noises it makes about boycotting a future tournament will have to be taken that much more seriously.

THEY SAID IT

● Chuck Muncie, recently traded by the Saints to San Diego: "If I tried to put a finger on all of New Orleans' problems, I'd need five or six pairs of hands."

● Dave Casper, after being traded by Oakland to Houston, asked what the thought of his new teammates: "It looks like they run and jump and do everything football players do."

END

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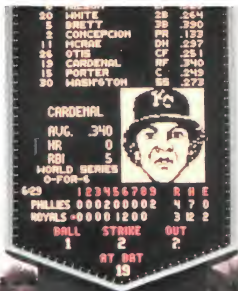
Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
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100's Ment: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.79

ONE HEARTSTOPPER AFTER ANOTHER



Philadelphia returned home with a 3-2 World Series margin over K.C. when Reliever Tug McGraw fanned Jose Cardenal to win the fifth game

by RON FIMRITE



game **1**

It seemed a Royal mismatch. Pitching for Kansas City was Dennis Leonard, red-headed, bearded, solemn of mien, a 20-game winner this year and three times overall, the ace of the K.C. staff. On the mound for Philadelphia was Bob Walk, whose very name connotes incompetence. Walk is a gangling, pimple-faced 23-year-old rookie whose teammates call him Whurly-bird. Walk has been known to come to bat without a bat and to warm up without a glove or ball. The first pitch he threw in a major league ball park was as an 18-year-old from the leftfield pavilion at Dodger Stadium. He threw a tennis ball at Houston Centerfielder Cesar Cedeno. He was yanked from that game by a security officer.

Walk would be pitching this night for the first time in 12 days because he was the only Philadelphia starter who hadn't worked in the agonizing Championship Series against the Astros. At World Series time a year ago he was pumping gas in Newhall, Calif., harboring few dreams of glory. Walk would be the first rookie to start an opening Series game since the Dodgers' Joe Black faced the Yankees in 1952. Philadelphia hadn't won a World Series game since Grover Cleveland Alexander beat the Red Sox 3-1 on Oct. 8, 1915. The Phillies lost the next four in that Series and four straight to the Yankees in 1950. And now Philadelphia was counting on a kid named Base-on-Balls.

The worst fears of cynical Phillies fans seemed realized all too early when Amos Otis in the second inning and Willie Aikens in the third hit two-run homers to give the Royals a 4-0 lead.

But the Phillies had come from behind in all three of their playoff wins, and they would do it again this night, although somewhat earlier than usual. Larry Bowa started the rally with a one-out single in the third. He stole second and was doubled home by Bob Boone, who scored himself when George Brett, who had cut off Willie Wilson's throw from the outfield after Lonnie Smith's single, unaccountably went to second base to nail a trapped Smith instead of

holding Boone on third. Still, the Royals had a 4-2 lead with two outs and no Phils on base as Pete Rose came to bat. Rose wouldn't let the rally die. By his own admission, he allowed Leonard's 1-2 pitch to hit him on the calf. If the umpire had known that, he would have called the pitch a ball and the inning might have been different. Mike Schmidt then walked, and Bake McBride cracked a three-run homer to rightfield. The Phils had the lead for good, adding single runs in the fourth and fifth innings. The Roy-

als made it a final 7-6 in the eighth with Aikens' second two-run homer off Walk, who was instantly replaced by the inevitable Tug McGraw, pitching in his fifth straight postseason game.

Until McGraw arrived, Walk had shut out the Royals for four consecutive innings. (His supposedly superior opponent, Leonard, had been sent packing in the fourth.) McGraw held the Royals in check in the eighth and ninth with his infamous screwball and his assortment of fastballs—the Peggy Lee "It's That All



After McBride smashed a big three-run homer in Game 1, Bowa led Philly's welcoming celebration

There Is"), the John Jameson ("Straight, the way I like my Irish whiskey"), the Cutty Sark ("It sails"), the Bo Derek ("Has a nice little tail on it") and the Frank Sinatra ("Fly Me to the Moon"). McGraw's father, Frank Sr.—Tug is a junior—and his brother Hank, who once played in the Phillies' farm system, were in the audience during Tug's customary postgame standup routine. Asked if pitching were mostly mental, Tug replied, "If that were true I'd be in the trainers' room right now soaking my head in ice."

game 2

A shudder of apprehension passed through the Kansas City camp when it was learned that Brett, the electric presence in the Royals' lineup, was suffering from hemorrhoids, an affliction both embarrassing and excruciating. Brett was in pain by the finish of the opening game, and he underwent treatment as late as 4 a.m. on the day of Game 2. And still he hurt. But he played, cracking out two hits and drawing a walk before succumbing to increasing discomfort in the sixth inning. The Royals were trailing 2-1 when Brett limped off, but they rallied for three runs in the seventh, two scoring on Otis' bases-loaded double just Schmidt down the leftfield line. Then Manager Jim Frey confidently summoned Dan Quisenberry to protect the new two-run lead. Quisenberry, the subsidearm sinkerball specialist, had saved 33 games and had won 12 others during the regular season, so Frey seemed justified in his confidence. His starter, the left-handed Larry Gura, had thrown well enough, pitching a perfect game for the first four innings before giving up two runs in the fifth, his only rocky inning. But Gura grew weary, and Quisenberry seemed like money in the bank.

Indeed, in the seventh he set the Phillies down in ground-ball order. But in the eighth he came a cropper. As happened throughout the playoffs, it was the Phillies' bench that did the cropping. This time it was Del Unser, a knockabout 35-year-old 13-year veteran whose father, Al, played in the major leagues before him. With Boone, another second-generation major-leaguer on first, Unser lined a Quisenberry sinker into the gap in leftfield for a run-scoring double. Unser was advanced to third by a Rose ground-out and he scored the tying run when McBride bounced a hopper off the hard Tartan Turf over a drawn-in infield. The floodgates were open. Schmidt got his second postseason RBI in 1980 by doubling home McBride for the tie-breaker, and Keith Moreland, inserted as the designated hitter when Greg Luzinski came down with an intestinal virus, singled in Schmidt with the cushion run. Final score: Phillies 6, Royals 4.

Steve Carlton won his first Series

game, but once again he wasn't the Lefty of lore. He threw 159 pitches in the eight innings he worked, walking six and allowing 10 hits while striking out 10. "Lefty was struggling out there," said Manager Dallas Green, "but he was struggling not because of Lefty but because of baseballs." Naturally. He wasn't throwing them over the plate much. No, said Green, "the baseballs we were given tonight were as slick as any I've ever seen. Boone told me those things were just like ice. Lefty has to have a feel for his slider, and he didn't have it tonight."

The balls in question were special-edition World Series models, which ostensibly differ from the American and National League balls only in the logo and the signature, which is Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's. The Phillies had observed in batting practice that the new balls were harder than usual. But, then, the season has yet to be played when the players haven't complained about balls. And, good or bad, the balls were no different for the Kansas City pitchers. Even though he was throwing ice cubes, Carlton did last long enough to win, and as Schmidt commented, "Steve at his worst will keep us in every game that he pitches."

The Phillies' reserves, especially Unser, Greg Gross and Moreland, a former University of Texas third baseman and defensive back, have also done their share of game-keeping. It was Unser who ignited this night's winning rally and Moreland, subbing for Luzinski, established that the DH rule is more help than hindrance to the National Leaguers. He got the first hit off Gura, scored the first run and drove in the last one. "We've got the juices flowing in that dugout," said Green. "I just say, 'Hey bench, get things going.' And it does." "This team used to be eight regulars, four starting pitchers and a reliever," said Shortstop Larry Bowa. "Dallas has utilized 25 players. When the late innings come along, we have guys who know they'll contribute."

Hal McRae got the Royals' last hit in the ninth, and before he was forced at second he had a conversation with the gurgulous Rose. "If you guys win this one, you'll be in great shape," McRae said. "We've still got a long way to go," Rose responded. "You know who you're talking to, so don't give me any of that bull," McRae replied tartly. "You want to trade places?"

Rose did not.

CONTINUED



game **3**

And so it was on to Kansas City, a town that had never before experienced a World Series. Lord knows the citizens were up for the occasion. By student-body vote, a K.C. grade school became the George Brett Southeast Elementary School for the week, the teachers appearing in class wearing Royals shirts and the sign on the door of Principal Les Short's office reading DARRRELL PORTER, PRINCIPAL. Baseball madness even affected the drama critics. Consider the lead sentence of a review in *The Kansas City Star*: "I'm not afraid to use him in any situation," Green . . . said of his clutch player. Unser, "and that's pretty much the way producers—the smart ones—feel about Patty Duke Astin."

Brett, the city's bachelor king, said he was gleefully anticipating the Phillies' reaction to a town many of them might

yet regard as a frontier outpost. "They'll come in here expecting to see Matt Dillon on the street, Miss Kitty in the saloon and horses tied to the hitching post," said George.

Brett himself was the source of good news after the team's sorry showing in Philly. His pain had been alleviated, at least for the time being, by surgery, and he would play in Game 3. The proctologist, as the wags had it, came through in the end. In fact, that physician, John Heryer, held a press conference to explain just how the problem was surgically resolved, surely a first in World Series history. At the ballpark Brett appeared chipper, if a trifle wan. He had stayed in bed all of the off day, he said, not getting up until three hours before this game. He ward off a succession of execrable jokes with some of his own. "The pain," he said confidently, "is behind me."

And to prove his point, he slammed a bases-empty home run into the seats down the rightfield line in the very first

inning. The Phillies tied the score in the second when, with the bases loaded, Royals starter Rich Gale knocked down Lonnie Smith's hard grounder back to the mound and, in obvious confusion, threw to first base instead of home for an easy force on Manny Trillo. The Royals took the lead again in the fourth on Aikens' twisting triple to left and McRae's single and then were tied once more, in the fifth, when Schmidt homered into the Phillies' bullpen in leftfield. The Royals forged ahead yet again in the seventh on Otis' homer, but the Phils came back when Rose, ending an 0 for 10 drought, singled home Bowe.

For the fifth time since the regular season ended, the Phillies had carried a reluctant opponent into extra innings, while leaving 15 men on base. The Phillies had yet another chance in the 10th, but Schmidt's screaming line drive was speared by Frank White, who doubled Boone off second after the catch. Quisenberry, given a second chance against his tormentors of a few days ago, rushed

In Game 2, McBride drove home the tying run with a single before scoring the eventual winner on Schmidt's double



over to pump the hand of the second baseman. "DP all the way," he remarked later. Now it was the Royals' turn. With two out and two men on base, Aikens lined a 2-1 pitch from McGraw into the hole in left-center to drive home Wilson with the deciding run in the 4-3 win. It was Aikens' fifth hit of the Series.

The Royals' revival may be attributed in good measure to a team meeting called by Frey before the game that wasn't so much inspirational as tranquilizing. "It was a loosey-goosey speech," said the loosey-goosey Quisenberry. "It got us laughing. We were all amused at the quality of his [Frey's] four-letter words." "I felt the players were a little tight in Philadelphia," Frey explained. "The crowds, the World Series atmosphere seemed to intimidate them. I told them I thought they were the best baseball team in America and that if we lost the third game, it wasn't the end of the world, that we could become the first team in history to win after being three down. I told them that even if we lost the fourth game, it was still not the end of the world. I told them I wanted them to go out and have fun."

game 4

The fun continued unabated on Saturday, thanks to the bat of Aikens.

It would be hard to find a more deserving hero. Aikens is a large man—6' 2", 220 pounds—and his black beard and deceptively gloomy face make him appear almost menacing. But he is extraordinarily polite, friendly and sensitive. He banged two homers on opening night, which happened to be the occasion of his 26th birthday, and in the Royals' Series-tying 5-3 win this day in K.C., he hit two more, the four homers placing him in the distinguished company of such Hall of Famers as Ruth, Gehrig and Snider. The onslaught left him one shy of the Series record, set by Reggie Jackson in 1977 against Los Angeles.

"They talk about Babe Ruth," shouted Hurdle in the Royals clubhouse. "They talk about Lou Gehrig. They talk about Duke Snider. Now they'll talk about Willie Aikens."

It should be noted that Hurdle was careful to refer to Aikens simply as "Wil-

lie," not "Willie Mays Aikens," which is his full, though definitely not preferred, name. Earlier in the week Aikens had quietly chastened media people who had been referring to him as if he were a sort of adjunct to his own middle name. The doctor who delivered him "put in the Mays thing," he explained, forever linking him with a baseball legend. He was born, after all, following the 1954 World Series, which was distinguished by Mays' famous catch of Vic Wertz' mammoth fly ball in the old Polo Grounds. "I don't feel that calling me Willie Mays Aikens is fair to me," he said. "I want to go out and make a name for myself. Announcers don't say 'George such-and-such Brett' or 'Hal such-and-such McRae.' I just feel more comfortable being called Willie Aikens." Aikens has never met his middle namesake, though he did try to effect a meeting at the Atlantic City casino that now employs Mays. "He wasn't there," says Aikens. "Hopefully, I'll get a chance to meet him before he dies."

Not even Mays had accomplished what Aikens has in a World Series. In a four-run Royals first inning, Aikens hit a line-drive homer into the waterfurl in right-center, a prodigious blast that scored Brett, who had tripled, ahead of him. And in the very next inning he pumped an equally tremendous shot to the very limits of the Royals' bullpen in right, advancing the score to 5-1 and effectively putting the game out of reach, even for so resourceful a team as the Phillies. "I gave that second one a long look," said Aikens. "I guess I kind of copied Reggie on that one."

The Phils' frustrations came to the forefront in the fourth when Reliever Dickie Noles threw a fastball under Brett's chin on an 0-2 count. Frey charged onto the diamond, demanding that Noles be thrown out of the game or even worse for his crime. Noles wasn't ejected, and Brett struck out, but he had his triple for the day and McRae stretched two singles into doubles as the Royals continued to play their kind of baseball. McRae said he had observed that the Philadelphia outfielders tended to throw "lollipops" back into the infield after base hits, so he just kept running. But it was Aikens, acquired

continued



After hitting two homers in the Royals' Game 1 loss, Aikens had two more in the Game 4 win.



Smith's failure to make a diving catch in Game 3 gave Aikens a triple and set up a Kansas City run.

by Kansas City from the Angels over the winter, who carried the day. "The kid," said Green, "is just on a roll."

Aikens was enveloped by reporters in the clubhouse after the game. Hurdle smiled and shook his head. "We got some crazy guys on this club, and they got Willie out of his shell," he said. "He was afraid to talk before because of his stutter. But just look at him now." Aikens' biggest triumph of the day may have occurred earlier when he stepped before a battery of microphones to comment on his accomplishments. A stutterer since childhood, he regards a roomful of people with more terror than he does an inside fastball. "I'm sometimes able to talk pretty good," Aikens says. "Sometimes I will have no problem stuttering. But talking on TV, I have a tendency to stutter a whole lot. I was afraid when I was a kid to go into a store and ask for anything. The kids used to laugh at me all the time. I'd get so upset I'd want to fight. But I'm around adults now, and they're able to accept me for what I am. I'm a stutterer and I'll be one for the rest of my life."

game 5

The questions, said Mike Schmidt, made him slightly ill. "Somebody asked me if we'd run out of miracles," the Phillie captain recalled. "Everybody keeps talking about luck and miracles and heart and character. But we've got talent. We've got Del Unser coming off the bench."



Porter was a big out in Game 5, thanks to a live relay from McBride to Trillo to Boore at home.

That they did and they also had Schmidt and a little bit of luck and lots of character, and they mixed it all up in a crazy, movie-script ninth inning to bring off another, well, miracle. The ninth, which can compare for raw excitement with any played in the World Series, gave the homeward-bound Phillies a 4-3 win and the edge they so desperately needed after consecutive defeats in Kansas City. Now they led three games to two, with the rest of the season to be played in their own noisy ball park.

Appropriately, it was Schmidt himself who ignited the final wrenching rally. He had given his team its only two runs in the fourth when, with McBride on base, he hit a Larry Gura changeup over the 410-foot sign in centerfield. Now he was the leadoff man in the lava inning with his team trailing 3-2, and the Kansas City fans, charged as never before, howling at him to fail. Schmidt had surprised the Royals the previous evening by hunting for a hit down the third-base line, and with the score as close as it was, Brett, who normally plays Schmidt deep, played him even with the bug in the event of further trackery. But Schmidt was hitting away this time, and he sent a screamer to Brett's left that the third baseman reached with a dive but was unable to hold.

It was the first hit off Quisenberry, who had entered the game in the seventh in relief of Gura and had been getting ground-ball outs with his sinker. Unser, batting for Smith, also hit a ground ball, but he hit it, as he later explained, "about as well as I can." The hard shot skummed off the Tartan Turf just beyond the reach of Aikens' flailing glove and bounced down the rightfield line for a double that scored Schmidt with the tying run. Moreland sacrificed Unser to third and Brett retired Maddox on a fine throw for the second out. After Quisenberry got two quick strikes on Trillo, the Phillie second baseman lined a sinker of his own directly back to the mound. "The ball hit my glove and then the tips of the fingers of my right hand," Quisenberry said later. "He hit it hard. I didn't have time to

Schmidt's playful pat on the posterior reminded Brett that his troubles really were behind him.



think. I saw it at the last millisecond, then I played hide and seek with it. I wish it would've hit me in the stomach because then it would have dropped in front of me." Instead it rolled behind him where Brett retrieved it and tried frantically to throw in time to catch a flying Trillo. He didn't, and Unser scored the fourth run.

But McGraw, a quintessential Phillie who thrives on stress, pitched himself into a bases-loaded situation in the ninth, walking White, whose brilliant fielding had kept the Royals in the game for most of the day, then Aikens and finally Otis, who had homered in the sixth and hiked his Series batting average to .550. The next batter was Jose Cardenal, who had pinch-hit for Hurdle in the seventh. "All it broke was my heart," Hurdle said of the substitution. Although Cardenal has a reputation as a clutch hitter, McGraw said later he preferred pitching to him than to the red-hot Otis. For one thing, Cardenal had spent more than 10 years of his 17-year major league career in the National League, and McGraw had learned something about him. He also knew something about himself, which made him wonder if he was up to the task. "I felt guilty because my wife and I stayed up a little too late last night and



OH, THE LADIES IN WAITING

The most unfortunate thing that ever happened to the World Series was scheduling it nights. Certainly, this was good in the sense that more people could see it on television. It made the Series more convenient. But the World Series experience was lost as the process. People used to nip about on Series days, stealing some radio play-by-play for a half inning or so, sneaking a couple outs on a TV set. "Did you catch the game yesterday?" was what people said. "Did you catch the home run?" There was a certain boyishness to it, however old you might be, "catching" the Series. Now the October Classic is merely another extravaganza direct from prime time.

The World Series remains the ultimate for the two cities represented. The Super Bowl, by contrast, belongs to the National Football League, purposely neutral, consciously corporate. But the World Series is the most glorious thing a city can gain, better even than a political convention. Then, a city is merely a deadline. The World Series is earned, and with it comes a wonderful commingling of the spirit for our town and our team.

It is well known that championship sporting events bring out more elite crowds than run-of-the-season games. A corollary to this phenomenon is that more females will be in attendance at the big games. The simplest way to tell how much of an impression a sporting event is making on a city is to note how crowded the ladies' rooms are. In both Philly and K.C., the lines of the poor women extended into the concourses.

Win or lose, the most symbolic individual at the Series was Royals Manager Jim Frey. Last year Frey had been first-base coach for the Orioles, and he was the only man to return to the '90 Series in uniform. Through him, we may say, the torch had been passed.

But there was more. Frey never played a single game in the majors. He bounced around the bushes for 14 years. Then he scouted, he coached; finally, this season, out of the blue, the Royals made him manager. And now here he was, the bushier, managing one of the two teams that had made the World Series.

"All those years I played in the minors, a lot of people felt sorry for me," he said before the first game. "Including my own family. Hey, when you gonna get a real job, Jim? But I wasn't nearly as frustrated as I've found out I was supposed to be, and the older I got the better I understood. I wouldn't have brought me up either. But you see, I just enjoyed it. My wife enjoyed it. I loved baseball, and I wanted to be a part of it. But, no, honestly, I never thought I would get the chance. I thought I would just coach and coach and coach and get fired when some manager did,

and that would be the end of the story." But it wasn't.

For reasons no one could fathom, the people in Philadelphia were crazy about buying the World Series program. They sold out, about 39,000 of them at \$2.50 a throw the first game and another 47,000 the second. The all-time one-game record was believed to have been 18,000.

In Philadelphia there is a fence over the rear of the home dugout, protecting the Phillies from the fans, and, perhaps, vice versa. After the second game a number of young fans started jumping up and down there, screaming "Phils in Four" and such as that. Nobody paid much attention to this frenzied innocence until the fence broke, and it fell over on one young fellow, pinning his leg under it. He collapsed onto the roof of the dugout and lay there in excruciating pain. The boy grimaced and cried out, and his pal, a red-head with fuzzy hair, knelted down to console him. The boy with the injured leg clutched his souvenir Phillie Phanatic doll to his breast. After a while, his buddy took the doll and tenderly put it under his head so that he would have something to lie on.

Life Goes On Dept., or There Are One Billion Chinese Out There Who Couldn't Care Less, Etc. At 7:30 p.m. the night of Friday, Oct. 17, 1990, the very moment when a World Series at last came to Kansas City, about 10 miles away from Royals Stadium, the Shawnee Mission East High School Lancers squared off against the Shawnee Mission Northwest Cougars in an important Sunflower League football game. Now, truth to tell, the crowd was down. "The only ones here are children's fans, not sports fans," said one Mission East parent, Sandy Cochran, settling into his seat.

The Northwest Cougars beat the Lancers 13-0, and only once—when George Brett hit his home run—did the PA intrude on this game with notices from the other.

Following the game, it was the Cochrans' turn to host the Lancers' team "after party." There were about 150 kids there, the players and their dates, cheerleaders, and so forth. Everybody "nerked around" and had a good time. The following day there would be another World Series game at Royals Stadium and, more important, at night there would be the Homecoming Dance at school. It is always good to keep in mind that, although there are World Series for us every year and they mean a great deal to many people, only once are you a starter on the football team or a cheerleader, getting dressed up to go to the Homecoming Dance.

—FRANK DEFORD

I had a few extra beers," he confessed.

McGraw had already endured several anxious moments in this tumultuous inning. He had struck out Brett on three pitches for the first out, catching him looking at a John Jameson fastball on the outside corner, because he knew that Brett wanted a pitch he could pull. Then McGraw watched in visible horror as McRae hit a ball barely foul into the left-field seats. At leftfielder Paul Pryor's foul signal, McGraw patted his heart in relief. But McRae forced a runner and was on second base when Cardenal came to bat.

Cardenal fouled off the first pitch and after McGraw threw high for a ball, he fouled off two more. The house organist played a rousing polka as McGraw and Boone conferred on the mound, and the crowd began clapping and cheering for the little Cuban batter. McGraw was ready. He fed him a Cutty Sark fastball that sailed inside. Cardenal swung and missed. "How would he know about Cutty Sark?" said McGraw. "He probably doesn't drink anything but rum."

For the Royals, Cutty Sark was pure poison. Their clubhouse, normally as lively as a kindergarten classroom, afterward was silent and forlorn. They had tasted the bitterest of defeats.



Jaworski's day was a mix of triumph and frustration: two passes for scores on plays that got messed up and a fumble that produced Dallas' only touchdown.

FOR THE EAGLES, A BIG ONE-GAME SERIES

Veterans Stadium's other tenants ended a five-year Dallas jinx by whacking the Cowboys 17-10, and for a few hours owned the city. **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

In his office on the fourth floor of Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium, Eagles' Coach Dick Vermeil was aware that something not covered in his NFL handbook was happening. Here it was mid-October, football weather, a chill in the air, leaves falling, but early in the week a memo had come up from stadium security. Make sure your players get their cars out of the VIP spots before the World Series traffic starts arriving, it had read. World what? Oh, yeah, the Series, the Phillies—they're here this year.

"I just hope they don't tow our cars away," Vermeil told a press conference. "You go to work at the stadium, crapes

sake, and they tow your cars away. That shouldn't happen."

On Sunday, with the Series having moved to Kansas City for a while, Dallas was coming to town—mighty Dallas, which had won the last five games against the Eagles at the Vet. You could argue that the whole season had been building toward this first confrontation between the NFC East's superpowers. Where else was the strength in the NFC? The Redskins' threat had evaporated. In the NFC Central, only Detroit had a winning mark. The NFC West? L.A. and the Three Stooges.

But Philly and Dallas each had a 5-1 record, winning by double-figure spreads. And each had faltered once to a team it should've beaten. Now they were finally getting their chance at each other. It should have been a public relations natural—except it happened right in the middle of a World Series in which the Phillies were, almost miraculously, participants.

On Tuesday night, before Game 1, Vermeil left his charts and playbook to go downstairs and visit Phillie Manager Dallas Green in the dugout and wish him luck. "It was during the dinner break," Vermeil explained almost apologetically. On Wednesday, he admitted, he had actually walked the 30 steps from his office to the press box to watch some of Game 2. "It was late," he said. "I needed a break. I watched one batter. No, I don't remember who it was I watched."

Then he went back to the books, charts, films, computer printouts, tendencies, variables. His workdays ended at midnight Monday, 3 a.m. Tuesday and Wednesday, 8 p.m. Thursday and Friday. On a shelf in Vermeil's office is a Vince Lombardi autograph, torn from a notebook Vermeil kept at a coaching clinic 20 years ago. On his desk is an advertising flyer for the book *Workaholics*—"They love to work. They live to work. But can they ever leave their work?" The workaholic coach. "I'm a little sensitive about that," he says. Still, it's Dallas this week, boys. Dallas, for cripes sake.

Vermeil's week ended on Sunday with a fourth-down Cowboy pass in the end

continued



The 6' 8" Carmichael excited after catching Jeworsh's five-yard TD pass to put Philly ahead 9-7.



With Montgomery out, Louie Gammon got the Eagles' fourth-quarter touchdown drive under way.



Dallas' last gasp: Hill opened—and no Rag.

zone that fell incomplete and left Dallas Split End Tony Hill screaming to the official that he had been "restricted" on the play and a 22-year-old rookie cornerback named Roynell Young looking skyward in thanks, because he had just played in the biggest game of his life and the Cowboys had given him the full treatment and he had gotten out of it alive. Vermett's Eagles had broken their five-year jinx against Dallas with a 17-10 victory. And for three hours or so, the Eagles owned Philadelphia. The Philies' third Series victory, out in Kansas City, was still in the offing.

"Baseball, basketball, hockey—they all have something we don't have," Vermett said. "They have seven games to prove who's best. We get the one shot and it's all over. A guy drops a pass, an official blows a call . . . you work and you work and it always seems to come down to the variables, doesn't it?"

It did this time. Oh, there was much more to it. There were nine turnovers in the game, five by the Cowboys, and there was vicious hitting, which in the first half removed the premier runners on each side, the Cowboys' Tony Dorsett and the Eagles' Wilbert Montgomery. Any at-

tempt at a running game after that was a sham. And so it came down to 49 seconds left and Cowboy Quarterback Danny White reaching for some old Roger Staubach magic. Fourth and goal on the eight—White had taken the Cowboys from their own 40 in nine plays—and now it was time to go to work again on the rookie cornerback.

Young had been a target all afternoon. They had loaded up and run crisscrossing wide receivers at him. On the Cowboys' final fourth-quarter drive, they had run Hill on a reverse toward Young's side and sent Drew Pearson deep on him—an option pass off the reverse. Except that Young didn't buy the act and played Pearson tight, and Hill had to eat the ball. Three plays before the final one, they ran Pearson at him in the end zone, a timed two-step pattern with White lofting the ball and the receiver running under it, but Pearson slipped on the slick AstroTurf and fell.

Now it was fourth down, and they called the play that had beaten the Redskins last year in one of Staubach's most famous finishes—Hill on another timed pattern down the left side. "Red right flip," said Hill, "wing motion, five-26, Y-nine, or something like that."

Hill lined up wide, Pearson slotted inside him, and Pearson went in motion to ensure single coverage. "Stay!" Young screamed to the right cornerback, Herman Edwards, fighting to be heard over the crowd. "Stay!" Which meant that he was staying and Edwards should drift with the motion man. Now White had what he wanted—a rookie covering Hill all alone—and he took his two steps back and lofted a mortar shot into the far left corner of the end zone.

"It's what you want," White said. "You want to give Tony a chance to outjump somebody. He'll outjump any defensive back in the league."

The wind was holding the ball up. Hill was looking into the sun, and then Young was coming over his back, battling for the ball, and the pass fell incomplete. Hill looked at the line judge, Gene Carrabine, for the interference call. Sorry, not this time, friend, Eagles' ball.

"I was pretty hot," Hill said. "I yelled at the official, 'The guy restricted me. How could I catch the ball?' He quieted me down real quick. He told me if I didn't shut up I was out of the game."

"In Dallas would they have thrown the flag?" someone asked him.

continued



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"Yeah, I certainly hope so," he said.

In the press box, the president and general manager of the Cowboys, Tex Schramm, let out a roar and raced over to where NFL Supervisor of Officials Art McNally was sitting. The only difference between the two confrontations was that McNally didn't threaten Schramm with ejection.

Was it interference? Well, maybe. But retribution was at work. Last year when the Cowboys beat the Eagles 24-17 in the Vet, Dallas Defensive End Harvey Martin committed a flagrant foul by clotheslining Montgomery, the intended receiver on a screen pass that could have tied the game, and there was no call. And if Schramm wanted to complain this time—cripes, that's tough.

In the Philly locker room, Young described the fourth-down play as "a contact play, but the contact came when his hand touched the ball," and when that description was relayed to Eagle Quarterback Ron Jaworski, he smiled and said, "Maybe it gets us even for that Harvey Martin play. Actually that one didn't surprise me that much. Their defensive ends are always clotheslining backs going out as receivers. I think they're taught to do it."

Jaworski, who is having his finest season as a pro, had a weird sort of day. He hit Charlie Smith for the game's final touchdown, a 15-yard pass that he smoked through a crowd in the end zone, and he passed five yards to Harold Carmichael for the Eagles' first TD. But if the Eagles had lost he could have worn a pair of goat horns, because he fumbled twice after he was sacked. The first time the ball rolled into the end zone, where Cowboy strongside Linebacker Mike Hegman fell on it for the only Dallas touchdown of the afternoon.

Jaworski was getting pressure all day, though, and he took some ferocious hits. "We hit him so much," Defensive Tackle John Dutton said, "I don't know how he could take it."

At various times, Jaworski has played with a broken thumb, index finger and middle finger, all on his throwing hand. He played four games last year on a sprained ankle. "I remember when I first came up with the Rams," Jaworski said, "I heard one of the assistants say, 'I don't know how long Jaworski can play in this league with that concave chest of his.' Well, maybe you don't have to be built like Terry Bradshaw to play in the NFL.

This is my fourth year with the Eagles, and I've started every game."

On Sunday he went through some nightmarish moments. In the fourth quarter he fumbled after Defensive Tackle Randy White and Dutton sandwiched him. The ball rolled off his fingers, and he and Dutton both crawled after it, except that Dutton was crawling free and Jaworski had White holding him back.

"It was like one of those terrible dreams," Jaworski said, "when you try to move and something won't let you."

His three biggest completions were either on checkoffs or broken patterns. A 50-yarder to reserve Fullback Billy Campbell burned Hegman, who got pulled in by a play-action fake. But afterward Jaworski explained that the play should have gone the other way, over a blitzing D.D. Lewis, and that the touchdown to Carmichael was originally intended for the second tight end, John Spagnola, except that "everything sort of got fouled up and I wound up scrambling and just looking for the big guy, Carmichael." And the final TD, to Smith, was originally intended for Carmichael, except that he was double-covered. "We've run that play in practice," Smith said, "and I never caught one ball off it."

Operating without the luxury of a running game—the Cowboys gained a total of 46 yards on the ground—and still trying to prove himself to Dallas fans used to miracles, White looked very smooth when he had time to pass, which he did for much of the game. When the Eagles tried to firm up their rush with blitzes, he got them out of it with dump-off passes. When the rush finally got to him at the end, he was pressured into some misfires, but most of the time he stayed in and took his shots and got his completions. And had the game been in Dallas, he probably would've got his club into the end zone at the end.

"No, that call in the last seconds didn't bother me as much as other things did," Dallas Coach Tom Landry said, "even though I'd still like to know how Tony can catch the ball with a man hanging on him. What bothered me was that it shouldn't have come down to that. We turned the ball over enough times to get beat by twice what we did."

Before the showdown in Philly and after their 59-14 victory over the 49ers the previous week, the Cowboys had won-

dered where they really stood in the hierarchy of the NFL. "We haven't played a team with a winning record," White said. "And we haven't faced a really good defense. It'll be interesting to see what happens when we do."

The Eagles also had questions. They hadn't played anyone with a winning record, either. They hadn't faced the kind of pass rush Dallas would turn loose.

"They're a better team than they were last year," Offensive Tackle Stan Walters said. "They don't have Roger. But they have Charlie Waters back and Too Tall Jones, and their great rush is working again."

"We got over a big hurdle last year when we beat them down there. Until then we didn't really know if we could. I remember Coach Vermeil said exactly the right thing to get us up for it. The day before the game, he said, 'You know how far you are from beating Dallas? Just 24 hours.' And then, in the locker room, before he sent us out, he said, 'Now you're just 60 minutes away.' He handled it just right."

"This time it was a little different. Everybody in the city was talking about the World Series. The game didn't really generate that much excitement—except with us, of course."

In the end, the Eagles proved themselves sound, even if a little thin. The loss of Montgomery took away their running—they gained but 68 yards on the ground—and there were times when White, who was overwhelming second-year Guard Percy Perot, looked like a one-man wrecking crew in the Philadelphia backfield. But the Eagles have a very solid defense, and they held the Cowboys' offense, fourth-ranked in the NFL, to 125 yards below their season's average. And as the game wore on, the defense picked up intensity. In Carl Hairston, Charlie Johnson and 6'8" Dennis Harrison, they probably have the finest front three in pro football.

"As silly as this may sound," Linebacker Frank LeMaster said, "I think the World Series took some of the pressure off us. Usually everyone's so hyped up around here during Dallas week that they can't see straight. Then you go out and you make mistakes, and before you know it, you're down by a touchdown or two."

Well, the Series was winding down, and for the next nine games the Eagles would be on their own. At least no one would be towing their cars away. **END**

Four weeks ago on a country road outside the Norwegian town of Lillestrom, 13 miles from Oslo, a slight, dark-haired American runner drew abreast of Grete Waitz, the world's best female marathoner, after two kilometers of a 13-km. race called Norgeslopet. Waitz, somewhat surprised at being challenged, glanced sideways at the intruder and said, "What are you doing?"

"Trying to beat you," said the American, grinning as best she could under the circumstances and moving into the lead.

That American, Patti Catalano of West Roxbury, Mass., is the second-best female marathon runner in the world. She didn't beat Waitz that day. No woman has ever beaten Grete Waitz on the road. But Catalano did have the rare pleasure of leading Waitz for almost two kilometers, and when the time came to pay her dues—that is, to watch both Waitz and Ingrid Christensen, a Norwegian 3,000-meter specialist, go zooming by—she took it in relatively good spirit. Later

she said, "I wanted to yell, 'Hey, wait for me! Don't leave me alone!'"

Which is not to say that Catalano takes defeat in stride. Not at all. She had resigned herself to losing to Waitz because that's a fact of her life right now. But finishing third was not part of her plan. With Waitz out of sight, but Christensen "three telephone poles ahead," Catalano took off after second place.

"At eight kilometers I was right behind her," she said. "At nine I was almost beside her, and at 10 I went by like she was standing still. I held my breath so she wouldn't hear me breathing as I closed in."

Ever since Waitz, the former school teacher from Oslo, ran her first marathon in New York in October 1978, breaking the world record by 2:18, the rest of the world's women have been running for second place. Last year, also in New York, Waitz lowered her record by an almost unbelievable five minutes, to 2:27:33, and still she is thought to be far from her full potential as a marathoner.

Happily, however, for the rest of the best women marathon runners—Joan Benoit, Lorraine Moller, Marty Cooksey and Jacqueline Gareau, all of whom have won major races in the last two years—Waitz concentrates on track and cross-country and runs few marathons.

Until last spring Catalano, 27, was one of the best. Now she is indisputably the best of the rest, the one female who, barring a calamity, should be able to keep Waitz in sight during the New York City Marathon this Sunday and the only one who could possibly give her a fight.

The Boston Marathon in April was Catalano's breakthrough, the race that convinced her she could run with the best. She didn't win it; she finished second to Gareau—third, if one counts Rosie Ruiz—but her time (2:35:08) was her best to that date, and it permanently rearranged her head.

Thirteen days later, on May 4, she won the 15-km. Midland Run in Far Hills, N.J. over a field that included Gareau and Moller. On May 17 she married Joe Catalano, her coach, and did two eight-mile training runs. On May 18 she ran a women's American record for five miles (26:14) in the National Fire Protection Race on the streets of Boston. On May 25, in front of a crowd of 70,000 in Wheeling, W. Va., she set a 20-km. world record (1:06:36.7) on a course that Bill Rodgers has said is "the toughest 20K course I know of." On May 31 Catalano finished second behind Waitz, who established a world record 30:59.8, in the L'eggs Mini Marathon in New York, but her time (33:03) was at that point her best for 10 km., and she said, "I wasn't discouraged to see her so far away. I was happy to see her at all."

NO.1 IS NO.2 ...AND CLOSING

An unhappy childhood had Patti Catalano running from the world. Now she's the best U.S. marathoner and running after Grete Waitz by SARAH PILEGGI

Catalano's race number is now her ranking in the U.S. after only 4½ years of dedicated running.
continued



In June Catalano set an American record for 15 km. (49:42) in Oregon's Cascade Run Off, and on Sept. 6, in Montreal, she ran the second-fastest marathon ever by a woman (2:30:57.1), in the process beating Gareau, who then had the fourth-best time on record. On Columbus Day Catalano set an American record for 10 km. (32:24) at the Bonne Bell race in Boston.

In the Montreal marathon, Catalano had started out last in a field of 68 runners, only four of whom were women. At five miles she caught her first glimpse of Gareau, and at approximately 15 miles, she passed her. "From 17 to 23 miles I didn't see a soul," Catalano says. "There were no spectators, no cyclists. I never knew my times. I was trying to console myself the last five miles: 'You won. You're going to get a new PR (personal record), a 2:33 or 2:34.' Then I saw Joe

with half a mile to go, and he told me, 'You can get under 2:31.'"

Her eyes were clamped shut, and her mouth was open in a grimace of both pain and joy as she literally grabbed the tape. Less than a minute later Gareau crossed the line and the two fell on each other's necks and laughed and hugged and cried as 6,000 spectators cheered. En route, Catalano had set a world record of 1:45:24 for 30 km. In fact, her pace up to 23 miles was faster than Waitz's had been when she set the marathon record, a fact that leads different jocks to different conclusions about Catalano's potential. Her husband says, "I think the day will come when Patti can race with Grete." Catalano herself says, "It may take me a year. It may take me two, but I'll get there." Others, like Guy Thomas, the director of the Maple Leaf Half Marathon in Manchester, Vt., are more cautious. Thomas con-

cedes that Catalano can improve but points out that Waitz can, too. "Grete can run under 2:25 easily," he says. "Patti couldn't do it easily."

Johan Kaagstad, the Nike shoe representative for Norway and the Catalanos' host while they were in Oslo for the Norgeslopet, says, "It will be hard for Patti to beat Grete. Grete has been in constant training since she made the Norwegian National Team at 16. She has hardly missed a day of training in nine years."

It should be noted that no one who knows Catalano at all well is saying she can't do it. After all, she never even jogged until 4½ years ago and quit smoking for good only 2½ years ago, but she can now run 26 miles 385 yards faster than all but one woman in the world. So, who's to say what she might be able to do? There is obviously more at work in her than talent and slow-twitch fibers. These days Catalano is like a captive spirit that has been set free. "I'm having my childhood now," she says, her brown eyes shining with delight. "I've never had so much fun before."

Patti Lyons was the oldest of nine children in a working-class family in Quincy, Mass., an old town on the shore south of Boston Bay whose economy was dominated by a shipyard and wrecked when the shipyard closed in the early '70s. Her father, John, worked in the boiler room of the Food and Drug Administration building in Boston, and was also a caretaker of stray animals at the Boston Animal Rescue League. Her mother, Freda, now 48, is a Micmac Indian who ran away from her reservation in Nova Scotia when she was 11 years old and has been on her own, indomitably, ever since. "She made her living by baby-sitting," says Catalano. "She'd show up at the door and people took her in. She raised people's children when she was only a child herself."

Oddly, a similar fate became Patti's. John Lyons always held two jobs and, in addition, went to school at night. Freda Lyons never had fewer than two jobs, and sometimes three—hairstylist, florist, caterer, etc. Because her parents were coddler at home and because Patti was five years older than the second Lyons child, it fell to Patti to run the house-



Waitz and Catalano are close when not racing, but Patti wants to be close on the road, as well.



Along with love and stability, Joe Catalano has brought a strict training regimen into his wife's life.

hold and look after the other children, the last of whom was born when Patti was 16.

Patti's sport at St. Ann's parochial school was swimming, which occupied her from the third to the eighth grade. "At my school you could only swim or bowl," she says. "I grew up on the water and I liked to swim, so I joined the team because they got to swim more times." At 12 she held a New England age-group record for the 100-yard breaststroke, but by 13 she had tired of swimming laps, and her interest in participating in athletics died. By lying about her age, soon thereafter she got a job as "salad girl" on the night shift in the Quincy shipyard commissary. Eventually she was promoted to coffee girl and worked from five to nine every evening. Beginning at 16 and continuing through her last two years as a reluctant student at Sacred Heart High in Weymouth Landing, Patti was an aide in a nursing home, a cheerleader until she could no longer find time to go to games, and mother and father to her eight brothers and sisters. Needless to say, she had little time to think about her future, or even about her present.

"I thought I wanted to be a nurse or a teacher, but I didn't really want to be either," she says, her face clouding over as it often does when she thinks of the past.

"I had a good education, and I knew how to do a lot of things. I knew how to cook and how to clean and how to take care of children and how to deal with money, but I didn't know how to think. Parochial school didn't teach you how to think for yourself."

When she was 18, her adored father died and her world, such as it was, fell to pieces. Tensions that had always existed between mother and daughter now exploded in bitterness. The issue was usually the other children: "One of them would ask if he or she could sleep over somewhere, and I'd say, 'Are you kidding? It's a school night. Do your homework and go to bed.' And then whoever it was would ask my mother, and she'd say yes, and I'd argue, 'But it's a school night. . . .'"

The low point came the Christmas after John Lyones' death when Patti found her mother in the kitchen stuffing the turkey and crying because none of the children had given her a Christmas present. "It was bad," says Catalano, explaining that her siblings had come to prefer her over their mother.

Finally Freda kicked Patti out of the house. "Now I think she was trying to teach me in her own way that there was more to the world than one town," says Catalano, "but then I hated her."

Feeling angry, abandoned and hurt, Patti moved to Sandwich on Cape Cod where she got an apartment and a job in a nursing home. Out of loneliness, she began spending her evenings in bars. "First it was Saturday night," she says. "Then it was Friday and Saturday. Then it was Thursday and Friday and Saturday, and so on. I got into some bad habits."

She would send the younger children presents when she had the money ("Can you imagine? I was spending \$20 a night. On drugs!"), and once in a while she would stop at the house to see them, but she'd go no farther than the sidewalk out front. "I'd pretend I was just passing by, and I'd say, 'Well, how are things?' We'd talk a little while, and then I'd say, 'Well, I've got to go now.'"

Meantime, she was gaining weight and hating it. At her peak she weighed 148 pounds, which on a 5' 4" frame is fat. She would diet on grapefruit and eggs, and then she would gorge on Twinkies.

continued



Winning in the Big Apple is Patti's next goal.

Furthermore, she had been smoking since she was 14 and was now up to two packs a day.

After 18 months on Cape Cod, she moved back to Quincy where she became a nurse's aide on the 4 p.m. to midnight shift at the Quincy City Hospital, but the style of the rest of her life remained unchanged. Every night after work she went to a bar where her friends were mostly young women who were married and unhappy or getting divorced. "I thought I was having fun," she says.

Finally, while sitting on a bar stool one night, Patti suddenly realized that she wasn't having fun, that she didn't like her life, that she was in the wrong place doing the wrong things with the wrong people. She couldn't quite say what she should be doing, but for starters she decided to lose weight. The next day she bought a bike and launched a four-pronged attack on her overweight body: she rode, swam, walked and ran. Her debut as a runner was bizarre. Knowing only that runners were supposed to use comfortable footwear, she donned her favorite Earth shoes, sweat pants, a sweat shirt and a skin diver's belt and ran seven miles around the perimeter of a Quincy cemetery.

The next day she was unable to get out of bed, and the day after that she could only roll out onto the floor. It was two weeks before she could walk properly and three before she could run again. But she had lost three pounds, so she did it again, with the same results.

"It took me almost a year to stop coughing up brown phlegm," she recalls. "The first three or four miles were really awful, but I'd work through them. Then I'd come home and smoke some more." Eventually she stopped biking and swimming and walking, but she kept on with her running.

Before long she fell in with a group of Quincy YMCA male runners who were training for the Boston Marathon. She

was awed—"I couldn't get over it. Twenty-six miles!"—but not so awed that she didn't decide to do it herself someday. That was April 1976. In June she learned that if she was to run in Boston the next spring, she first had to qualify in another marathon. So she picked out the Ocean State Marathon in Newport, R.I., then four months off, and set about training for it the only way she knew how, which was running as hard as she could. Her

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE HANSEN



A half marathon in Manchester, Vt. was among Patti's 20 wins in 1980, but even as her successes mount, she finds time for kids



companions from the Y told her to slow down, that all she needed was a 3:30, but she paid them no mind.

In August she married one of the Y runners, a man 10 years older than she. "I was self-sufficient, being raised the way I was," she says, "but I was weak emotionally. I was having family problems and finding myself at the same time, and using him to lean on because he was a good protector. But running does something to you. It brings out something in you, builds your confidence. It makes you aggressive."

In September, with the Rhode Island race a month away, she bought her first pair of real running shoes and quit smoking. In October she won the women's division of the Ocean State Marathon in 2:53:40, which happened to be only 40 seconds slower than her husband's time in the same race. They separated shortly

thereafter. Soon Patti was back to eating and smoking and gaining weight. "I wasn't an athlete then," she says. "I'd go to races and meet people and have a good time, but I wasn't serious."

About this time Joe Catalano, who is four years her senior and a 2:23 marathoner, came into her life. A runner for 16 years and coach of the Quincy High track team, Joe lived alone then in the three-story house on Water Street in which he had grown up. His mother had died, his father had remarried and moved away, and his brothers and sisters were grown and gone.

"A guy told me about this girl who ran out of the Y who ran really fast," says Joe. "One day I'd finished a workout and Patti came into the parking lot there, and I was introduced to her. I told her if she ever wanted any help or if she wanted to work out at the high school she should let me know. Then I didn't see her again for about a year."

"He was a skinny little thing with long arms and long legs," says Patti. "I weighed more than he did." Then, grinning at Joe, she adds, "I thought you were a jerk." Joe rolls his eyes heavenward.

Patti missed the Boston Marathon in 1977 because of a cyst on her leg that required an operation and sidelined her for seven months. In June, however, she started all over again, and in October she called on Joe for help in getting ready for a 10-km. race in Boston that was two weeks off. He put her on a crash course of mostly speedwork, and she finished second in 34:50, beating 1976 Boston Marathon winner Kim Merritt in the process. "That was really fast then. Now it's commonplace," she says.

Patti was on her own once more that winter, back living unhappily in her mother's house and going through a divorce. Again she qualified for Boston and again an injury kept her out—this time it was her hip—and again she started smoking and gaining weight. She topped out this time at 135.

In the midst of her confusion she met up with Catalano once more and rented a room from him on the third floor of the big, empty house on Water Street. He was her coach at first; then he became her friend and confidant through a very difficult period. Through it all he never stopped urging her to take herself seriously. According to Patti, it went like this: "Joe would say, 'You have some-

thing there. Use it! Look at you. You're too fat. You have to keep your body in good shape even if you're injured. You can't go back. You have to make changes. I'm not going to waste my time with you if you're not going to make a serious commitment.' So I finally said, 'O.K., I'm going to be an athlete.' So I went on a diet and I quit smoking, for the last time, and I began doing light jogging, eight or nine miles, for my health, and gradually my hip started getting better."

Now, two years later, Patti weighs 104 pounds. She runs considerably more than 100 miles a week year round and as many as 150 two weeks before a marathon. She is strong from working with weights three times a week at the Sports Medicine Resource Center in Brookline and supple from being rubbed down twice a week by her trainer, none other than Boston Marathon organizer Joe Semple. She is fierce on hills, because every Friday she runs the 600 yards up Boston's notorious Heartbreak Hill 10 times, aiming for a clocking of 1:46 or 1:48 at first and then trying to do the 10th ascent as fast as the first. "Joe makes me cry sometimes, but I know I have to go through it to get where I want to go," she says.

"The difference between Patti and some of the other girls is that she's stronger," says Joe. "She's done hard work all her life and that's made her able to do more, train harder, without breaking down. I don't think there's any girl that trains as hard as Patti does. Also she has desire. If you don't have that, you don't have anything. She really wants it now."

Until recently either Joe or Patti or both, had to work at least part time at Bill Rodgers' Running Center in the Boston suburb of Brighton, to make expenses. In 1978, when Patti had won a free trip to the Honolulu Marathon by placing in the top five of the Nike Marathon in Eugene, Ore., she and Joe experienced a moment of giddy unreality—basking on a Hawaiian beach 5,400 miles from home, while living on food stamps. Now, however, both are subsidized—Joe as a coach, Patti as a runner—by Nike through its team, Athletics West, which, along with providing shoes, running clothes and travel expenses to some races, gives them a monthly stipend in return for consulting and clinic giving.

"Things have really smoothed out in

the last month and a half," said Joe in September. "We're our own boss at last. We can run our own lives." And now that Patti is a bona fide gate attraction for any race promoter, things are likely to get even smoother, because she'll get more liberal expense allowances.

Joe and Patti live in a basement apartment in West Roxbury. They train together every day, along the banks of the Charles in the mornings, through the streets of West Roxbury, Brookline and Newton in the afternoons. As Patti's running has become the focus of their lives, Joe's has suffered a little from neglect. "He's having a hard time," says Patti sympathetically. "You need a coach, and Joe doesn't have one, because he's too busy coaching me."

"I try to get out of it what I put in," says Joe. "but my main goal is to help Patti be as good as she can."

In trying to explain her breakthrough last spring, Patti says, "I had to be more relaxed mentally and emotionally to perform well. It's so easy now, so relaxed."

Why?

"I have what I want now."

What's that?

She points across the lunch table at Joe and laughs. He rolls his eyes.

Most good distance runners are—at least outwardly—calm, soft-spoken and measured in their demeanor, as if they are hoarding their energies for a later, more important date. Joe is like that. Patti, by contrast, practically vibrates. She talks with her hands, even when she's running. She laughs easily and often, and she very nearly becomes airborne when something pleases her, as many things do these days. She's also as friendly as a puppy, a trait that doesn't always sit well with people she's beaten to the finish line, perhaps because they've seen evidence of another side of her. Kaggstad glimpsed it when he trained with Patti on the forest paths near his farm outside Oslo. "When it was impossible to run side by side, she always tried to move up," he says. "That's the competitive mentality."

After her second-place finish in the Norgeslopet, Patti tried to explain her relationship with Waitz. "I told her, 'I'll stay with you as long as I can.' Right now that's only a kilometer or two. But she understands. She said, 'You'll be getting stronger.' I'm learning from her. She's the best in the world. Heck, what do I have to lose?"

The eyes of Texas are usually upon football games, but the NBA's new team in Dallas is trying to change that

by JOHN PAPANEK

WELL NOW, LOOKA HERE



Come on, Daddy," pleaded the boy. He clutched a picnic basket in one hand and, with the other, dragged a man in a Stetson across the parking lot. "We'll miss the kickoff."

"Tipoff, Son," said the man. "Kickoff is what they're doing everywhere else in Texas on a Friday night. Tipoff is what they call it here, and it ain't nothing like a kickoff at all."

To the uninitiated, a tipoff involves a couple of real tall tight ends dressed in their underwear, jumping for an airborne fumble. Then all 10 fellows on both teams run around and jump a lot while the num-

bers on the scoreboard change faster than those on a gas pump. No, it's not football. It's even better, because there's no traffic jam after the game.

Pro basketball, welcome to Dallas, where winners fly their own airplanes and losers are encouraged to take their acts to Waco. By sundown, Remember the late, great Dallas Chaparrals of the ABA? Played their last game in Big D in 1973 before 573 customers, paying and otherwise. Left by cover of night with their red, white and blue balls for the Mexican border, but they got no farther than San Antonio. It's been 10 years since

Couch Bill Fitch, whose expansion team in Cleveland had a 15-67 record, uttered the immortal words, "War is hell. But expansion is worse."

Now come the Mavericks with a secondhand nickname and a team full of players only an Italian league coach could love. The veterans, such as they are, were picked from a garage sale of bench warmers—"pine brothers" in the players' vernacular. As for the rookies, well, sadly the Mavericks' history will include the fact that the club's first four picks from the college draft turned out to be as useless as West Texas. Nos. 3 and 4, David

Britton and David Johnson, couldn't even make the ragtag club, while Nos. 1 and 2, UCLA's 6' 8" Kiki Vandeweghe and Syracuse's 6' 11" Roosevelt Bouie, told Dallas "no thanks." Bouie's in Europe, and Vandeweghe's on his way to grad school.

The Mavericks do have some things going for them: a wealthy owner, a determined coach and sparkling new 17,761-seat Reunion Arena. General Manager Norm Sonju spent a year and a half getting an NBA team for Dallas, but-tohohing roughly 200 potential investors before coming up with the \$12 million entry fee—nearly twice the \$6.1 million paid in 1974 by the most recent previous expansion club, New Orleans. "Dallas is football country, but it's also Bible Belt country," says Sonju. "We can win the respect of the people with wholesomeness and goodness and respect for God and country."

When Sonju had trouble coming up with the money, Donald J. Carter, one of Texas' richest men, stepped in and guaranteed the whole \$12 million. Carter's mama, who founded the Dallas home accessories company that made the family rich, is the only woman to serve on Rev. Billy Graham's evangelical board. So it's not surprising that Carter and Sonju came up with a "model" for the team, based on down-home Texas values. "What an example we could set for the NBA and our country," gushes Sonju. "If we had a brand-new, clean model that worked just right."

Watching the model, er, team work out with Coach Dick Motta before the season began, Rick Sund, the 29-year-old director of player personnel, said, "Hey, maybe we aren't going to win many games right off, but we're banking on the future. Do you realize that the Cowboys went an entire season before they won a football game? Win or lose, we're going to battle. Texans love killers. They'll say, 'The Mavericks didn't win, but they bloodied their noses.'"

On the floor, the motley Mavericks looked out of place against the background of beautiful green and blue arena seats and below the \$1.2 million state-of-the-art scoreboard. But at least no one was dogging it. "Dick didn't want anything that even remotely resembled his Washington Bullet team," said Sund.

Dallas doesn't, not with Geoff Huston, Winford Boynes, Jim Spanarkel,



Sonju (left) is working to have a "model" team off the court, while Motta tries for one on the court



Austin Carr, Terry Duerod and Joe Hassett for guards; Tom LaGarde and Ralph Drollinger for centers; Abdul Jeelani, Jerome Whitehead, Richard Washington, Darrell Allums and Marty Byrnes for forwards. As bad as this team is, it's not as bad as people expected. Detroit, which has been in the league 32 years longer, hadn't even won a game by the end of last week, but the Mavericks had: they were victorious their first time out, on Oct. 11, beating San Antonio 103-92. "They're the new kids on the block," the Spurs' George Gervin grumbled after the game, "and the new kids don't last long in a man's world."

True enough, as Dallas found out last week in losing to Seattle 85-83 ("I don't believe in moral victories," said Motta), Denver 133-98, Kansas City 103-91 and San Antonio 110-96.

Games like these are to be expected from a team whose starting lineup has a total of only nine years of NBA experience, but Motta says Dallas is better than he thought it would be. "I'm sure a lot of these guys are playing hard because the fear of failure is very great," he says. "They've all been let go by other teams, slapped in the face. We should be a contender in three years, but we have to face the realities of life in this league, which say that expansion teams start off by winning from 17 to 20 games."

If Dallas does better than that, it will be because the Mavericks are doing a

commendable job of executing Motta's deliberate offense. It worked in Chicago and Washington and it will work, at least to some degree, in Dallas too, because it's founded upon the theory that two pro players will guard a man through two

continued



Carter used his millions to purchase the franchise and his glee to help make a deal with a coach



The most important Mavericks are the center, LaGarde (above), and the playmaker, Huston



screens but not three or more. "We'll mess with the clock like we did with the old Bulls," Motta says. "Slow teams down. Go gritty on them. Play country music during time-outs."

For anything to work, though, it's absolutely essential that LaGarde stay healthy. "He can do almost anything you ask him to," Motta says, "but we're scared to death about his knees." Motta is also high on Huston. "I don't know that I've ever had a guard who can do both playmaking and scoring as well as Geoff can," he says.

Motta parted company with both of his previous NBA employers, the Bulls in 1976 and the Bullets after last season, rather than put up with the spoiled players and meddlesome management he so detests. He is and has always been his own man. "I don't want to sound corny," he says, "but I like the collegiate atmosphere. I had that early with the Bulls, and I had a chance to coach the superstars in Washington—or, rather, to make substitutions during games there. What-
ever, I won a championship [in 1978], so now I've washed that right out. I've always loved Dallas and I've always wanted an expansion team. I like the idea of starting something new. Of course, we haven't lost 30 in a row yet."

The Mavericks didn't exactly get off to a roaring start in the Metroplex, which is what the cities of Dallas and Fort Worth have been collectively calling themselves since they built an airport bigger than Manhattan between them. It was bad enough that Sonju, who once was president of the old Buffalo Braves, was a carpetbagger from the North—he doesn't own even a single pair of lizard-skin boots—but did he have to borrow another local team's nickname? The inevitable name-choosing contest brought in some wonderful suggestions, like the Podnabs, Wranglers, Snail Darters, Goshawks and Ayatollahs. But Sonju headed a committee that chose Mavericks, without realizing that the name already belonged to the University of Texas at Arlington. The newspapers got mad, and UTA and its fans got madder. Now, UTA teams are sometimes referred to as the "Original Mavericks," but both teams are Mavs in the headlines. One reporter is talking about calling the NBA club the Plagarists, shortened, of course, to Plagues.

The Mavericks have been plagued

from the start. Originally, each NBA team was going to protect only seven players, allowing the Mavericks to choose from among four. Then the league decided to freeze eight. "There went all the backup centers," says Sund. Instead of allowing Dallas the first or second pick in the college draft—at least after the first round—the Mavericks had to pick 11th all the way through.

The Mavericks added to their problems by going through both the dispersal and college drafts without a coach. "Too much to do" is Sonju's lame excuse for not having named one. Fortunately, Sund, who had spent five years as an administrative assistant with the Bucks, had been under a personal contract to Sonju since February of last season, well before the Dallas franchise was approved. With the help of Bucks Coach Don Nelson, Sund spent the season scouting NBA teams and trying to figure out which players might be available.

When the franchise was finally awarded on May 1, just 27 days before the dispersal draft, coaching candidates began flocking to Dallas. They included former NBA coaches and assistants like Motta, Larry Brown of UCLA, Jack McKinney and Bob Weiss, plus the early favorite, Eddie Sutton of Arkansas. But Sutton had too good a deal already and turned Dallas down. So did Brown, who felt he couldn't leave UCLA after only one year. Motta, meanwhile, was making a bad impression on Sonju. After an interview Sonju told the local press that Motta's chances of getting the job were zero.

While Sonju worried over the coaching problem, Sund pored over the list of "available" in the draft. "I called everybody who had ever been involved in expansion," Sund says. "They all said, 'Don't take shortcuts.' " Translated, that meant don't mortgage the team's future for an Elvin Hayes the way the Jazz did for Pete Maravich, who, coincidentally, was one of the players the Mavericks could have selected. Also Dallas was determined to stay away from so-called "problem players" or players with big contracts. Thus, Sund passed up the likes of Washington's Bob Dandridge and John Williamson, Philadelphia's Doug Collins, Denver's Charlie Scott, San Diego's Marvin Barnes and even that Texas favorite, Houston's Rick Barry.

The college draft turned out to be an exercise in futility. The Mavericks draft-

continued

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that's a high price to pay, even for those with higher EPA ratings.

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That is, if you believe an economy car should still have an economical price.



ed Vandeweghe, even though he'd told them he would probably go to grad school if he couldn't play in New York or Los Angeles. Dallas, picking just ahead of the Knicks in the first round, chose him anyway.

But if Vandeweghe didn't want the Mavericks, Motta did. He had a friend call some Dallas reporters to find out what was happening on the coaching front. Motta feared that Sonju's friend, Philadelphia GM Pat Williams, had warned him off Motta because Williams carried a grudge against Motta from the days when Williams was Motta's boss in Chicago. Just like that, stories began appearing that asked why a candidate as well suited for the job as Motta had been dismissed so abruptly.

Carter, who had \$12 million at stake, posed the same question. He hadn't been aware of the Motta interview when it occurred. He didn't even know who Motta was. "Maybe we should go talk to him at his home," Carter told Sonju. Sonju was quick to agree, so they flew one of Carter's jets to Motta's mountain cabin in Fish Haven, Idaho.

"You should've seen it," says Motta, eyes twinkling. "I go out to meet this millionaire in my old pickup truck. A friend said, 'You ought to borrow a car.' I said no, this is us. So we're bouncing along talking country, walking in the mountains. First time I've ever actually campaigned for a job. Couple of weeks later I fly in to Dallas, and there's Mr. Carter at the airport with his pickup truck. And that was that."

Despite the difference of opinion on Motta, Carter and Sonju did agree on their "model" for the team. As Sonju constantly describes it, the model involves dress standards and moral codes for every employee in the organization and close attention to myriad other details. The office rug is vacuumed every day. There are no isotherms in the team's offices. Beer isn't allowed in the team locker room, even though mixed drinks are served in the arena. Each player was compelled to sign a special pledge stating that use of illegal drugs would constitute a breach of his contract. And the players received instructions commanding them to line up smartly. "arms straight, no gum chewing," while *God Bless America*, not *The Star-Spangled Banner*, is sung at home games.

Vandeweghe won't be there to hear

it. During negotiations, he was guided by his father, Ernie, a Los Angeles physician and former Knick forward, who has counseled Bill Walton and Jamal Wilkes and other NBA players, and his UCLA coach, Brown. On their advice, he asked for a three-year \$500,000 deal with no money guaranteed. This was about \$75,000 more than the amount Mike Woodson, the next player chosen, received from the Knicks. The Mavericks offered \$420,000, and there they stayed. All summer. Neither side budged. Finally, in true Texas style, the Mavericks issued an ultimatum and a deadline, which said in effect: "Come to Dallas on Thursday, Sept. 25. You have until 5 p.m. to sign, or forget it."

Kiki did go and he did listen, but when it became obvious that Dallas' offer hadn't changed, he didn't sign. Now he is back in school, completing the requirements for his undergraduate degree in economics—he had taken several incompletes because of a trip to China last spring—and preparing for grad school. The Mavericks say they won't trade him unless a fantastic deal materializes, so he remains their property until next year's draft, when his value will probably have diminished because of inactivity. "Either I showed a lot of guts," Vandeweghe says, "or incredible stupidity."

But at least the Mavericks had a chance to show their Texas toughness.

"If we let Kiki push us around, what happens next year if we have the No. 1 pick and draft Ralph Sampson?" said Sund. The usually sunny Sonju was even more outspoken. "If that young man thinks we're going to be intimidated," he said, "well, all I can say is Dallas happens to be the wrong city to try that on."

Sonju is much cheerier when he's talking about running his team. Before one Maverick game, Sonju was running around chanting and declaring, "Every day is like Christmas morning," and patting the janitors, electricians and usherettes on their backs. "Aren't these

girls precious?" he said. "We wanted well-scrubbed girls, so we went to the Campus Crusade for Christ at SMU."

He chased around the arena looking after details from a 30-page checklist. "When you start a franchise from *tabula rasa*, you don't do it from the back of an envelope," he said. He gushed over the printer who prepared the programs, congratulated the man who wired the 24-second clock, explained how he went through 70 revisions before approving the team's logo. He inspected the plush home locker room, finest in the league, and then the visitors', which is as bare as an unfinished basement. "The officials will dress here," he said, pointing to another door. "But instead of going to the court through the same tunnel our players use, they'll go around to another one. I gave the orders because Dick gets many of his technical fouls in the tunnel."

But all the planning in the world cannot change the fate of an expansion team. Bingo Smith, an original Cavalier, who was drafted by Dallas but failed to make the team, has a good idea of what lies ahead. "I seem to remember that in Cleveland there was a lot of garbage on the coach's front lawn and toilet paper hanging from his trees," he says.

If that happens to Motta, he might consider it a compliment. In Texas, that type of emotional reaction is usually reserved for football coaches.

END



Vandeweghe, the No. 1 draft choice, chose the books over the boards

Kickin' up their Tar Heels

Nothing could be finer at North Carolina: the team, led by a stalwart defense that has yielded only six points a game, is undefeated and ranked in the Top 10

There are many reasons why ACC football teams traditionally don't get much respect, but the best explanation is that they generally don't play very well. Oh, sure, the schools look impressive when they face each other—Duke vs. Wake Forest, Virginia vs. Clemson—but when they venture out into the big, bad world to confront heavyweights from the Big Ten or the Southwest Conference or the SEC, reality tends to set in early and often.

The proof is in the numbers. Since 1961, a member of the ACC has gone to a major bowl exactly one time. That was the Cotton Bowl after the 1976 season, when Maryland took advantage of the rare national exposure to lose to Houston 30-21. Two years later, vowing to re-

deem itself and show that its conference does play good ball, Maryland snorted off to a minor bowl (the Sun) to teach Texas a lesson. The Longhorns won, 42-0. When the ACC does succeed against outsiders—as it did in Clemson's 16-10 win over Notre Dame in 1979—it's always regarded as an upset.

Ah, but that may all be passé. Today in Chapel Hill, excitement is abounding—albeit with many crossed fingers—because North Carolina just may have the stuff that gains genuine respect, for itself and for the ACC. And there's good reason for the optimism. After all, by trouncing archrival North Carolina State 28-8 on Saturday, the Tar Heels went 6-0, their best start since 1948 when they also went 6-0. And with such a splendid per-

formance, the Tar Heels may improve on their No. 8 AP ranking, the highest they've had since the middle of the 1949 season. Says John Swofford, Carolina's athletic director, "Expectations are awfully high around here."

So high that there's even talk that the Tar Heels could find themselves in the chase for the national championship. The University of North Carolina contending for the national football championship? Well, deflate my basketball, but it could happen. Consider this: if Carolina keeps rolling behind its extraordinary defense—the first-team defenders have yet to give up a touchdown—and if it should whip Oklahoma next week and finish the season undefeated, perhaps it will wind up playing a top-ranked team, maybe even Alabama, in a bowl game.

It's a long shot but it's fair to dream, especially when you haven't been close to greatness since the '40s when Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice was running wild out of the Tar Heel single wing and onto all the big magazine covers.

The excitement didn't come to Chapel Hill overnight. Coach Dick Cram arrived on the scene for the 1978 season and led the Tar Heels to a 5-6 record. Boo, went the faithful. Then in 1979, which may be remembered as a watershed season, Cram orchestrated an 8-3-1 record, along the way handing Pitt its only loss. Even better was whipping Michigan in the Gator Bowl—an upset, naturally. Hooray, went the faithful. Those two wins set the tone for this season and demonstrated that the ACC in general and North Carolina in particular doesn't always faint at the sight of the biggies. Happily, fans have caught Carolina Fever bad. In 1976 home attendance averaged 37,000. Each year since 1978 every seat has been sold—49,500 per game—before the season opener. On Saturday the crowd was a squashed-in 51,845, a record.

What they saw was a North Carolina defense that so far has been positively scary. Indeed, Wolfpack Coach Monte Kiffin was saying before the game that "when you play a team with a defense like Carolina's, what you try to do is get them off your schedule." No such luck.



On behalf of the defense, Safety Bill Jackson (28) became a human roadblock against the Wolfpack

But Kirfin was prophetic, because three of the four Tar Heel touchdowns were set up by the defense. North Carolina Defensive Coordinator Denny Marcin downplayed his unit's achievements, saying, "Ah, we're not a great defense, but we have a chance to be good. All we try to do is improve each week, just poke along." It was his big gun, however, that spoke the truth. Within that solid defensive unit is one Lawrence Taylor, outside linebacker, who spends his Saturday afternoons—and this one in particular—marauding, hitting, smashing, disrupting and terrorizing. "The thing about Taylor," says Marcin, "is he's soooo nasty."

Several times Taylor, a 6' 3", 238-pound senior from Williamsburg, Va., didn't just tackle North Carolina State Quarterback Tol Avery, he crumpled him. Taylor is so intimidating that the opposition tries to stay away from him as much as possible so as to avoid incurring his wrath. But Taylor, who was far from being a star until midway through last season, doesn't understand what all the fuss is about.

"Actually, I'm not sure I'm all that good," he says. "But I do know you've got to be able and willing to hit. And you've got to have a little killer instinct. There is nothing better in life than a violent head-on collision. Look, football is supposed to be a rough game and not everybody is supposed to be able to play. So if I knock a guy silly, he'll be wondering where I am and what I'm going to do to him the next time he runs my way. A lot of things just happen when I'm playing defense. I don't plan anything."

Against the rush, North Carolina gave up only 130 yards Saturday, while allowing 295 yards in total offense. A fair hunk of those totals was allowed by substitutes. The Tar Heels are now ranked 10th nationally in total defense, having given up 230.7 yards per game, and first in scoring defense, allowing only six points on the average.

But those superior defensive stats are only one indication that Carolina is a good team getting better. The Heels are also very opportunistic. With their offense still a little druggy—the much-heralded Famous Amon Lawrence was held to a mere 49 yards rushing by the Wolfpack—Steve Streater went back to punt with 8:36 to go in the second quarter of an 0-0 game. But observing an end peep

back, leaving only a slow-footed tackle to rush, Streater tucked the ball under his arm and ran 37 yards untouched for a TD. "I'd like to do that every time I go back to punt," says Streater. In fact, Crum often gives him the license to run.

This play so unnerved N.C. State that Avery fumbled on the first play of the ensuing series when he was folded, spindled and mutilated by Tar Heel Left Tackle Donnell Thompson, who says, "I'll tell you what comes to my mind when I'm getting ready to make a hit like that—winning." Moments later, from the Wolfpack 22, sophomore Quarterback Rod Elkins passed to Split End Victor Harrison for the score. That made it 14-0, and State wasn't going to score 14 points against the Tar Heel defense if the two teams kept playing till the dogwoods bloomed again. North Carolina scored twice more in the second half before allowing State a meaningless TD near the end.

Despite the outstanding defensive effort, Crum said after the game, "I'm not ready to say just how good this defense is. I want to wait a little bit longer." Such caution is understandable what with the Sooners waiting in Norman. But some teams never succeed big because they don't dream big. That prompts Center Rick Donnalley to say, "We're a Top 10 football team. We know that. And each week we find out more and more about ourselves. We can be as good as we want to be."

THE WEEK by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTH Knoxville Mayor Randy Tyre proclaimed it Bear Bama Week and opened "the hunting season on any species of Alabama bears." Yes, sir, Tennessee's hopes were high. During the game, though, the Crimson Tide soaked it to the Yols and the weather soaked it to them. By halftime, Bama was in front 17-0 and had limited Tennessee to minus two yards of total offense. Vol fans in the crowd of 96,748, the largest ever in the South, were further silenced when three Tennessee third-quarter opportunities were snuffed out as the Tide intercepted a pair of passes and blocked a field goal. Alabama wrapped up the rainy second half, and its 27-0 win, with a touchdown and Peter Kim's fourth field goal of the day.

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Two days before his team took on Vanderbilt, Georgia Coach Vince Dooley's car was struck from behind and spun around before coming to a stop, rather appropriately, smack on top of a Building symbol pointed on the pavement near campus. Dooley suffered nothing more than a bruised lip, but the Commodores were left black and blue by the Bulldogs, who clobbered them 41-0 in another SEC game. Doing much of the damage was freshman Tailback Herschel Walker, who broke loose for 283 yards on 23 carries, shattering Charlie Trippi's 35-year-old Georgia single-game rushing record. Walker scored on runs of 60, 48 and 53 yards. For a change, the Bulldogs also did some effective passing, making good on 83 of 117 tries for 214 yards.

Mississippi State also had a freshman standout, John Bond, a 6' 4", 200-pound quarterback. Bond was instrumental in shredding Miami's rugged defense, which went into the game ranked fourth nationally against the run, allowing 73 yards per game, and seventh in total defense (208.8 yards). In all, the Bulldogs pierced the Hurricanes for 404 yards, 339 of them on the ground. When Bond wasn't busy passing for 65 yards, he was rushing for 92 or pitching out to teammates for sizable gains. Mississippi State took a 24-10 lead at the half, but Miami pulled even at 31-31 late in the third quarter when Mark Rush ran back a kickoff 92 yards. A 37-yard field goal by Dana Moore put the Bulldogs back on top 34-31 early in the fourth period and that's where they stayed as they staved off one last Miami threat. The Hurricanes' final chance came when they had a first down at the Mississippi State three. Three plays later they were five yards out, and when a fourth-down field-goal try missed, they were done.

Florida's Brian Clark didn't miss any three-pointers, as he equaled an SEC record with five in an all-field-goal 15-3 triumph at Mississippi. Clark's boots, which ranged from 19 to 47 yards, made up for the four he missed against Louisiana State two weeks earlier.

Although he kicked only one field goal, Al Del Greco of Auburn made it count. His 21-yarder late in the fourth quarter led to a 17-14 victory over Georgia Tech, which put up a gritty battle despite having to play the entire game without both its front-line quarterback and leading rusher, who were injured.

LSU remained tied with Alabama for first place in the SEC by winning 17-10 at Kentucky. After the Wildcats had squandered matters at 10-10 with 6:50 to go, the Tigers scored the clincher on a two-yard run by Alan Risher with 41 seconds left.

Freshman Quarterback Ben Bennett directed Duke to a 34-17 ACC upset at Clemson. Bennett, who was on target with 23 of 32 passes for 257 yards, also helped the Blue Devils break their 11-game losing streak when, in a reversal of roles, he caught a 13-yard scoring pass from Halfback Mike Grayson.

Virginia lost 30-0 at Virginia Tech before

the largest football crowd in the state's history—52,000. Cyrus Lawrence lugged the ball a school-record 40 times, gained 194 yards and scored twice for the Hokies, now 6-1.

Three other independents also gained lopsided triumphs. Florida State defeated Boston College 41-7, allowing only 105 yards in total offense and sacking Eagle quarterbacks six times. Bill Capece of the Seminoles booted four field goals, giving him nine in the last two games. Altogether, Capece has been successful on 18 of 20 attempts, making him the No. 1 field-goal kicker in the nation. Winless Cincinnati trailed South Carolina 49-7 at the half and that's the way the game ended as the Gamecocks substituted liberally. South Carolina runners, led by George Rogers with 128 yards, gained 424 yards. Southern Mississippi beat Arkansas State 35-0 with Tailback Sammy Winder, the leading scorer in Division I-A, picking up his 11th and 12th touchdowns, on runs of 12 and five yards. Having won all six of its games and outscored its opponents 195-68, Southern Mississippi has the most dazzling record among the leading major independents in the land. This week the Golden Eagles get their big chance—gulp—at Alabama.

Lehigh, the East's only unbeaten I-AA team, beat Davidson 49-14. In the process, the Engineers got four scoring passes from Larry Michaels.

ALABAMA (6-0)

GEORGIA (6-0) FLORIDA STATE (6-1)

EAST

During a game at Florida State the week before, Pittsburgh Coach Jackie Sherrill wore an elephant-hair bracelet sent him by a fan who said it was endowed with African tribal magic that would help his team. It didn't; the Panthers lost. Against West Virginia last week, Sherrill, no longer wearing the bracelet, found that his Panthers provided their own magic. Most of the wizardry was performed by Rick Troceno, who took over at quarterback after Dan Marino suffered a sprained left knee. Troceno, the team's No. 1 signal caller for part of last season and the starting safety against the Mountaineers, took over with the score tied 7-7. In a five-minute span in the second period, he guided the Panthers to a 35-7 advantage, passing for two touchdowns during that stretch, 53 yards to Dwight Collins and 25 yards to Willie Collier. For the day, Troceno completed 11 of 18 passes for 150 yards and rallied Pitt to a 42-14 triumph.

Booker Moore of Penn State rushed for 100 yards in just 11 carries during a 24-7 victory over injury-plagued Syracuse. But the Nittany Lion touchdowns were scored by Kenny Jackson, on a 13-yard pass from fellow freshman Todd Blackledge, and two short runs by Curt Warner, who rushed for 76 yards and caught four passes for 57 more.

Rutgers, which gave Alabama fits before

losing 17-13 a week earlier, was beaten 21-18 by William & Mary.

In a game played at New Jersey's Meadowlands, South Carolina State, No. 1-ranked in the Sheridan Poll of black colleges and tied for first in the NCAA's I-AA voting, drubbed Morgan State 49-13. The victorious Bulldogs rushed for 441 yards, 236 of them by Henry Odum, who scored six touchdowns.

Bucknell was a 31-21 victor over West Chester (Pa.) State as Ken Jenkins set a Bison record with 341 yards of all-purpose running: 146 rushing, 108 on three touchdown catches and 87 on kick returns. Jenkins is the Division I-AA leader in the all-purpose category, with an average of 280.3 yards a game.

Dartmouth and Yale were the only unbeaten left in Ivy League play, the Big Green sailing Harvard 30-12 and the Bulldogs beating Columbia 30-10. Brown knocked off Cornell 32-25 and, in non-league games, Penn lost to Lafayette 3-0 and Princeton downed Colgate 14-10.

PITT (5-1)

PENN STATE (5-1) RUTGERS (4-2)

WEST

Southern Cal did a couple of wondrous things with the ball at Oregon. One of them was the diving, juggling, end-zone catch of a 38-yard Gordon Adams pass by Jeff Simmons. Nifty, too, was Reggie Brown's five-yard run into the end zone for the Ducks, which was a non-touchdown because Trojan Outside Linebacker Chip Banks had stripped him of the ball before he got to pay dirt. Thus, USC slung to a 7-0 lead until late in the third period. That's when Quarterback Kevan Lusk and Wide Receiver Greg Moser set up Oregon's touchdown with a 68-yard pass-run play, which is all the Ducks needed for a surprising 7-7 deadlock. Although the Trojans were disappointed by the tie, it nevertheless stretched their unbeaten streak to 26 games.

"We wanted to restore his confidence, so we devised some reasonably surefire short passes to start the game," Washington Coach Don James said of his plan to help boost Quarterback Tom Flick, whose passing had been barely passable of late. Flick responded by completing five of his first six tries in a pivotal Pac-10 game at Stanford. Two of those "surefire short passes" turned out to be big gains—41- and 28-yard scoring tosses to Aaron Williams. Underestimated, John Elway cut the Cardinals' deficit to 24-21 by passing for two touchdowns and running two yards for another. Ken Naber then tied the score by kicking a 26-yard field goal with 1:27 left after Stanford had eschewed going for it on fourth-and-two at the Husky nine. Back came Flick, clearly brimming with confidence, for one last effort. He hit on six passes during a 72-yard drive to the Stanford eight. Overall, Flick was 21 for 33 for 278 yards, but it took a 25-yard field goal by Chuck Nelson as time ran

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out to give the Huskies a 27-24 triumph and the inside track on a trip to the Rose Bowl.

California kept its hopes alive, too. With Rich Campbell running for one touchdown and passing for another, the Golden Bears wiped out Oregon State 27-26.

Arizona, which had given up only 69 points in four games, lost to Washington State 38-14 for its worst home loss since 1967. Samoa (Here We Go Again) Samoa kept the Wildcats offside with his 15-for-23 passing, good for 272 yards, and by running for two TDs.

A 26-7 victory in San Diego State put Colorado State atop the WAC. Wyoming knocked Utah out of a share of the lead by defeating the Utes 24-21. Brigham Young remained one game off the pace with a 70-46 triumph at Utah State in which the Cougars had 710 yards of total offense. For the most part, this was aerial warfare. Bob Gagliano of the Aggies connecting for five touchdowns as he completed 29 of 49 for 358 yards, a figure that BYU's Jim McMahon exceeded by 127 yards.

Last season Weber State upset Northern Arizona 34-10. This time around, the Lumberjacks, playing in their domed stadium, returned the favor by handing the Wildcats their first Big Sky loss, 32-7.

UCLA (5-0)

USC (5-0-1) WASHINGTON (5-1)

SOUTHWEST

There were 24 seconds left to be played when Texas A&M Quarterback Gary Kubiak ran into the Baylor end zone from three yards out. Did that pull out a dramatic come-from-behind victory for the Aggies? Hardly. All it accomplished was to finally get them on the scoreboard. As Kubiak sat smug even before the opening kickoff—"You could see when they came out they knew they were going to win," he said—the Bears were ready for the Aggies. By halftime, Kubiak's worst fears had been realized. Baylor led 25-0 in points, 15-1 in first downs and 241-34 in total yardage. When it was over, A&M was saddled with a 46-7 loss, its worst defeat in the Southwest Conference since 1970. The Bears, 4-0 in the conference for the first time since 1922, took a two-game lead over idle Texas as Jay Jeffery passed for three touchdowns and Walter Abercrombie rushed for 143 yards.

Houston Coach Bill Yeoman, who's adamantly opposed to playing freshmen, had to use one against Southern Methodist. With Terry Elston suffering from a dislocated left wrist and Brent Chinn from a deep thigh bruise, 5' 11", 166-pound Audrey McMillian was forced into action as the Cougar quarterback. After guiding his team to a 13-11 upset, McMillian said jokingly, "I'm up to six feet and 175 pounds." Wide Receiver Lonell Phea felt 10 feet tall after scoring Houston's lone touchdown on a weird third-quarter

play. Terald Clark had run for 17 yards when he fumbled at the Mustang 13. Cougar Wide Receiver Eric Herring tried to pounce on the ball around the seven but knocked it to the three-yard line. And Phea, in his attempt to corral the pigskin, inadvertently shoved it into the end zone before picking it up.

TEXAS (5-0)

BAYLOR (6-0) ARKANSAS (4-1)

MIDWEST

When the two opposing signal callers—Mark Hermann of Purdue and Dave Wilson of Illinois—spotted one another as they came off the field following the game, they each spoke the same greeting: "Good game." Understatements, both. When Hermann left the field he had connected on 24 of 35 passes for a Big Ten-record 371 yards, four touchdowns and a 38-14 lead. Five minutes later Wilson surpassed Hermann's mark, when he was finished, he had passed for 425 yards and his 35 completions and 58 attempts were also conference records. Altogether, the teams passed for 796 yards, yet another Big Ten record. Purdue's victory knocked Illinois out of first place and moved it into a three-way tie at the top with Ohio State and Michigan.

Senior Tailback Cal Murray rumbled for 224 yards and two touchdowns in Ohio State's 27-17 defeat of Indiana. Other than the fact that the Buckeyes allowed Mike Harbaugh of the Hoosiers to run for 117 yards, making him the seventh player in Big Ten history to exceed 3,000 yards in career rushing, Ohio State Coach Earle Bruce was pleased by the results of his frequent use of a five-man defensive line rather than the three-man alignment the Buckeyes had been favoring.

Two touchdown runs by Butch Woolfolk and a pair of scoring strikes from John Wampler to Anthony Carter propelled Michigan to a 37-14 triumph at Minnesota. Wisconsin earned its first conference victory by beating Michigan State 17-7. But Northwestern remained winless, losing 25-3 at Iowa.

Before playing at Kansas, Iowa State Coach Donnie Duncan used zoological metaphors to describe his team. "On defense, we always have two or three guys around the ball like a pack of dogs," Duncan said. Duncan also likened hard-running Dwayne Crutchfield to a bull coming out of the chute. As it turned out, the Jayhawks had some pack dogs and a bull of their own, and they rallied Kansas from a 17-7 deficit to a 28-17 Big Eight victory over the previously undefeated Cyclones. Kansas scored after recovering Iowa State fumbles at the Cyclone eight and 32. A pair of freshmen who used to be California high school teammates, Quarterback Frank Seurer and Tailback Kerwin Bell, clicked on a six-yard scoring pass after the first of those fumble recoveries. Following the next recovery, Bell slammed over from two yards out for the points.

With Jeff Quinn and Craig Johnson taking care of the offense and with the defense shutting down Oklahoma State's attack, Nebraska prevailed 48-7. Quinn completed 10 of 14 passes for 155 yards and two touchdowns and ran for 81 yards. Johnson, filling in for injured Jarvis Redwine, topped off his 105 yards rushing with three TDs. Against the Husker defense the Cowboys wound up with minus 13 yards on 39 carries.

Hapless Colorado was a 45-7 loser at Missouri. The Tigers got 106 yards rushing from James Wilder, 139 yards passing from Phil Bradley and three TDs from Terry Hill.

When Oklahoma freshman Buster Rhymes took the opening kickoff at the goal line, broke loose from two Kansas State defenders at mid-field and went all the way for a school-record

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: BYU junior Jim McMahon, whose 358 yards in total offense in the first half, 342 of it passing, set an NCAA record, hit on 21 of 33 passes for 485 yards and six TDs during a 70-46 win at Utah State.

DEFENSE: Junior Cornerback Dennis Tabor helped Duke beat Clemson 34-17 by making five tackles, deflecting a pass and intercepting three others, which he ran back for 128 yards (one for a TD), an ACC record.

100-yard touchdown run, the anticipated rout seemed to be under way. Indeed, the Sooners led 28-0 before the Wildcats prounced on a Sooner fumble, picked off a pass and scored after both to narrow their deficit to 28-14. Next came a five-play, 84-yard drive by Kansas State that was climaxed by a fourth-down 36-yard pass from Darrell Dickey to John Liebe to make it 28-21. But Oklahoma put the game away, 35-21, when Rhymes scored again, this time from one yard out.

Notre Dame's Jim Stone, playing at tailback in place of injured Phil Carter, ran for 122 yards against Army. That was just five more yards than the Irish were assessed in penalties on their way to a 30-3 victory.

Western Michigan moved in from in the Mid-American race, beating Toledo 17-7, while Central Michigan fell to third after a 21-0 loss at Northern Illinois.

Kansas Wesleyan ended the nation's longest winning streak at 34 games by beating Bethany 20-12 in a Kansas Conference encounter. But Nebraska-Omaha and Northern Michigan, which were ranked 1-2, respectively, in Division II, both ran their records to 7-0. The Nebraskans defeated South Dakota 18-7, and Northern beat Delaware 22-7.

NOTRE DAME (5-0)

NEBRASKA (5-1) OHIO STATE (5-1)

And pop goes the goalie!



Reports to the contrary, the Capitals' Mike Palmateer isn't that fond of corn. But he has an explosive style of play

Despite the bushels of popcorn stories about him, the number of popcorn machines he possesses and endless requests to pose for pictures with a box/wheelbarrow/Toyota full of the yellow stuff he is not a popcorn freak. "While I was in Toronto, I noticed that if I happened to have some in my locker I'd generally have a good game," he says. "But it was more habit than superstition. Then somebody wrote about it."

And before you could say Orville Redenbacher, Palmateer became the Popcorn Kid. "But that's all history," he says. "I want people to think of me as a serious hockey player, a thinking goalie. I'd like to kill the guy that wrote the popcorn thing, because that's the first thing anyone associates with me."

Fear not, Mike. The Popcorn Age ended for the four-year NHL veteran in the Caps' season opener a fortnight ago as Palmateer beat Winnipeg 4-1 in his Capital Centre debut. Few of the 12,984 watching the man in the Confederate-flag mask hurl himself into orbit to halt flying pucks could possibly have regarded him as anything less than a "thinking goalie." And Washington's powers-that-be—namely, Green and G.M. Max McNab—were all the more certain that they had not acquired a mere cruncher of popcorn.

"How could any team not like Palmateer?" says Green, whose young, injury-ridden Caps missed last season's playoffs by just three points. "We knew we needed consistent goaltending to take us the extra distance, and with Palmateer available, we went after him."

In this day of alternating goalies, Palmateer takes turns in the net with Wayne Stephenson, the Caps' No. 1 goalie last year. In his most recent game, Palma-

teer scrambled to a respectable 3-3 tie in the Centre last week with Montreal, a team Washington had beaten but once in its history.

Palmateer became a free agent on June 1 after an unhappy and unproductive season in Toronto, and signed with the Caps 10 days later; in return, the Caps sent Defenseman Robert Picard, Forward Tim Coulis and a second-round draft pick to the Leafs.

"It wasn't just a trade," says Palmateer. "I had the option of where I wanted to go. And I did want to come to Washington. When we played the Caps last season, I could see the desire and drive in their faces. That's important to me, to be with a team that has heart and the desire to be winners."

The Caps have been looking to be winners since the end of the 1974-75 season, their first in the NHL, when an 8-67-5 record gave them a no-down-payment mortgage on the adjective "hapless." Last year's late-season drive almost shook the hapless image, but as Green says, "We started too late. If we'd pointed toward the playoffs in November instead of January, we'd have done it."

But even breathing the word "playoffs" in Washington was a novelty, and Green was primarily responsible. A mere child by stodgy NHL standards, he took over the Capitals in November, when he was just 26. Up to that point his pro coaching career had consisted of 14 games with Hershey of the American Hockey League. Before that, he had coached junior hockey in Peterborough, Ontario. "I had never coached pro hockey. I never even played pro hockey," he says. "But I've always been in a big hurry." Indeed, Green earned a degree in psychology from Ontario's Guelph University in only 2½ years, became president of a hockey school at age 21 and then knocked on every door in hockey to establish himself. He organized international seminars and wrote three weighty books on the psychology of the game. His industry paid off when the Caps promoted him a month into last season.

"There was some concern among hockey higher-ups as to whether I could do the job, maybe because I don't have

continued

Picture this, hockey fans: It is six months from now and post time for Washington's first-ever appearance in the Stanley Cup playoffs. Inside the enemy arena they're playing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, while outside a youth wearing a tie and bearing a note from his mother attempts to convince security guards he is really the Capitals' coach, not some tardy program vendor. Finally, reluctantly, 27-year-old Gary Green is waved inside, where he finds the Caps have another crisis: no goalie. Seems that Mike Palmateer, who is scheduled to start that night, has been delayed because he is checking out a solar-powered popcorn cooker. *At night?* Naturally. Palmateer, otherwise known as the Popcorn King, just has to sample the product before the puck drops. So, do the Caps go on to snap and crackle without him? Or will Sun-kist popcorn replace "fam-i-lee" as a team inspiration?

Hold the melted butter a minute, Palmateer wants to set something straight.

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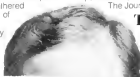
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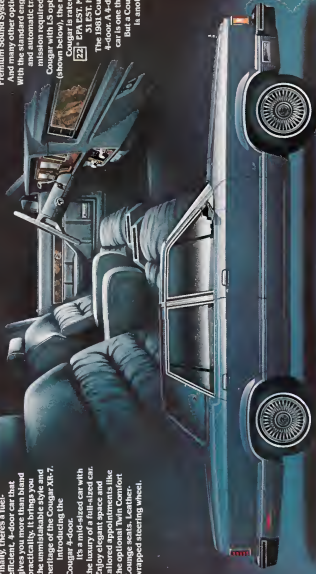
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any gray hair," Green says. "Well, you don't see the gray hairs because I pull them out every morning." And while hard-liners wondered out loud if the baby-faced Green could tie his own shoes, he led the Capitals to their best record (27-40-13).

"It's definite we will make the playoffs this year," says Palmateer. He has the air of one who's been over this ground before. "The addition of a few veterans like Bob Kelly and Jean Pronovost gives us some balance." But the key to Washington's balance will be Palmateer himself.

Once the darling of Maple Leaf Gardens, Palmateer ran into contract problems a year ago, then suffered an ankle injury that sidelined him for six weeks. The Toronto brass thought he was faking it and said so, which only added to his displeasure with the team.

In Washington, Palmateer, a bachelor, claims to relish the fact that he can wander around without being pestered for autographs. With his riot of buff ringlets, his patched jeans and a smazzy Marda, the 5' 9", 170-pound Palmateer could pass for a college kid cutting classes. "Mike will enjoy the privacy for a while," McNab predicts. "A player has to make his own fans, in his own good time."

If any man was ever destined to make instant fans, though, Palmateer might be the one. His goaltending style, which Green calls "different" and McNab terms "heart-stopping," is bound to keep hordes of the Centre watching to see what he does next. "You look at him out there, flipping and flopping and doing those rollovers and crazy things, and you say, 'How can he do that? He'll hurt himself,'" says Center and Team Captain Ryan Walter. "But he's quick, so quick that if you blink, you miss a few saves."

Unlike most goaltenders, whose repertoire of moves is limited to kick-save, drop down, come out to cut down the angle, Palmateer's would fill three legal pads. If his saves had names, they'd be called Outfielder, Student Body Right, Sky Diver, Nadsu and Natross. Seeing Palmateer weather a flurry of shots is a regular sideshow attraction. "He wriggles and he writhes, he twists and springs!" Against Winnipeg, Palmateer lost his stick after a foray to the blue line, and seconds later he made a bare-glove save. Hardly your everyday hockey move.

In fact, Palmateer often tosses his stick aside in practice, fending off pucks with

only hands and legs. "Partly, I do that stuff to stay loose," he says. "O.K., I admit it. I don't kill myself in practice. To me a practice is maybe four or six ouches. Over a season, those ouches add up. Games are another story. That's real hockey."

Palmateer's philosophy of goaltending is that the whole process is mental. "When I'm making the unbelievable saves, or when I'm getting bombed by pucks and stopping them, that keeps my mind in position," he says. "It's a high. But if I play 50 games this season, the odds are I'll have half a dozen off-nights. Then someone will say, 'Oh, you can't win them all.' I'd like to know why not. I've got to constantly tell myself that no matter how many pucks got by me, no more will."

Palmateer's freewheeling style, in and out of the net, stems from his early hockey experience. Until he was 17 he played goalie in one league and forward in another, which afforded him an unusual view of the game. "I can see plays unfolding," he says. "And I try to quar-



The youthful Green was a capital investment.



Sans stick—a situation he rehearses in practice—Palmateer makes a glove save against Winnipeg.

terback, too." He also tries to be Wayne Gretzky in slow-mo during pregame skates, stickhandling and shooting as he swaggers around the ice. And with his shooter's background, Palmateer finds himself involved with the flow of play instead of just backstopping it. "I like to think opposing players don't quite know how to deal with me," he says.

Palmateer missed a shutout in his debut when a low, hard shot beat him with 2:12 left in the game. But afterward, Mr. Popcorn wasn't sweating over it. "Yeah, it was a fast one. I clocked it at 119 mph," he said. "But I didn't watch the replay. Why depress myself?" Palmateer paused, then added, "No goalie ever played a perfect game. It's too easy to make little mistakes. You can try to play the game to perfection, but too many times what you've really got to do is learn to save yourself." Meaning, of course, to establish a pace that leaves a store of energy for the tougher obstacles down the road. Like postseason play.

"Only 79 games to go," Green said after the Winnipeg win. Palmateer corrected him. "You better add another 20 or 25. The playoffs, you know," he said. Just don't anybody bring any of that, you know, P-O-P-C-O-R-N. **END**

HALLELUJAH.

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

With his kangaroo-skin boots and down-home demeanor, Oiler Coach Oat Andrew Phillips suits Houston to a T. He doesn't mind his nickname, just so it isn't used as a description



HE'S UH BUM



CONTINUED



BUMISE "They can put on my tombstone 'He'd a fasted a lot longer if he hadn't played Pitts-burgh six times in two years.'"

It was when he had the job at Nederland that ol' Bum Phillips got himself a defense. Coach Bryant had been fiddling around with some numbers at one of them clinics up at A&M and he reckoned there must be some way to call the D that way. Coach Bryant was like that. He was always mentioning something, giving folks an idea, then leaving them to figure it out for themselves. After Coach Bryant planted the seed, sure enough if ol' Bum didn't go concoct the thing, deciding there ain't but eight places a man can run with the football, so if he numbered them gaps it'd be easy as pie for the little buckaroos to remember where to cover. After 'while, Bum could take 11 kids from any high school in those parts and in one practice show 'em 15 different defenses and they'd line up right every time. Didn't even have to think. Duann. It was just like Bum said: "Ever' time you make a football player think, you handicappin' 'em."

Anyhow. Once during those six years at Nederland, ol' Bum turned down the opportunity to interview for the Odessa job in 4A. Didn't think he was ready. Too big a staff. All the time Bum kept wearing out the chalk with those X's and O's and he won something like 50 straight at Nederland. Came to give Coach Bryant his blocking rules, too. The ones he invented to beat little Fuzzy Brown across the border over in Baton Rouge. You 'member Little Fuzzy. He was Big Fuzzy's brother. Big Fuzzy was the principal. Little Fuzzy coached and Big Fuzzy 'ministered. Little Fuzzy and Big Fuzzy.

Anyhow. Bum drove up to College Station for lunch on Thursday and A&M scored against SMU three times with them blocking rules on Saturday. The next thing you know—it was 1956—ol' Bear heard ol' Bum to come work for the Aggies. They whipped up on some people, won 14 in a row.

The thing was, the Aggies shoulda beat Rice in 1957. Would have, too, only they didn't run Bum's fake punt good enough. Bear never wanted it, 'course. Bear never was a trick guy. But Bum must have called it 25 times in high school and scored ever' time. They even give the fake punt a name. The Bumeroski. At A&M they practiced it and practiced it, even though Bear didn't want it. But here it was. Aggies down by a point. So Bum says to Bear he might could go with the Bumeroski, he's gonna get beat anyway. And Bear says do it, and so they did. Well, Loyd Taylor is steering around end and the Owls are fooled and A&M is gonna pull it off just fine, except for one thing. Bobby Marks misses the in-block on Buddy Dial and Dial forces Taylor out of bounds. A&M loses by a point. God-almighty. Made Bum so mad he still throws the chalk against the board diagramming the blamed play.

Anyhow. After Coach Bryant left A&M to take the job

at Alabama—it was 1958—he wanted Bum to come along, but Bum never'd been out of Texas 'cept to fight in the war, so he just stayed around. "Somethin' will happen, always does," Bum said. Well, he got the job at Jacksonville, out near Tyler, right away, and a year later he moved clear 'cross the state and got the job at Amarillo.

Anyhow. About the double quarterback. Way back ol' Bum never saw such a thing before, but he'd been whomping folks so bad using the middle linebacker all over the place that one time Duncan over at French High School in Beaumont—what was his first name? Paul? Bill? Bum says it don't matter anyway because the guy ended up an Aggie—well, Duncan sent out two quarterbacks over the center to confuse the linebacker. Sometimes the snap'd go to one, other times to the other. Bum told his 'backer don't worry

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELLEY KATZ





about it, don't fool with it. Bum kicked Duncan's tail anyway. Bum says if a man's gonna use tricks, a man oughta be sure they work.

Like the onside kick. Ol' Bum got that one from a guy on an airplane. The guy was from Arkansas, if you can believe it, and Bum found himself sitting next to him on the way to one of them coaches' conventions. After a while Bum said, "What you do good?" The guy said, "Onside kick. We never kick it straight." Well ol' Bum thought he had a weirdo for sure this time. Then the guy explained how he got his kicker to kick upside the top of the ball so the thing bounces end over end, crazy-like, for 10 yards and then hops 15 feet straight up in the air. Hell to catch. At home Bum tried it and it worked. Like every cotton-pickin' time, that's all. "Course, that was before soccer kickers. When a man runs sideways to the ball, Bum says, it don't matter if he's Pedé himself, the thing won't hop straight up.

Anyhow In 1962 when Bum got the head job at Texas Western and they promised him everything and continued

Multifarious are the boots in Bum's personal collection, and motley the garb of his players in a laid-back practice session typical of the team.



delivered on nothing, he must've run off about 40 guys who came out for practice. They didn't even have enough bodies for a spring game. Had to call up some slums. Texas Western's called the University of Texas at El Paso (UTEP) now—la-di-da—and Don Haskins, the basketball coach, remembers living in the dorm and hearing "suit-cases rattlin' around the halls at night." That meant Bum just run off some more. Or else they flat-out quit their own selves. At Texas Western, Bum described his position as "a job in college, not a college job. It was the kind of job where you gonna have people who get you beat 21-7."

Anyhow. Against New Mexico one time the Miners didn't move the ball diddysquat, zero first downs, but a guy they called McGoo intercepted a pass and ran 105 yards for a touchdown. Somebody else blocked a punt in the end zone for another six. A guy with glasses from Wink, Texas kicked what was probably the only field goal of his life. And Texas Western led 16-12. "Then we held 'em on the goal line."

Bum says, "No, wait. What was it? We had 'em by four points, but they had four downs from the six. We held and took the safety. Beat 'em 16-14." After the game the Miners carried Bum off the field. When Bum resigned at the end of the season to move on down the line, the Miners cried. Right away Haskins remembered an article he had read before Bum even came to El Paso. The *Amarillo Globe-*



Even Bum's windmill proclaims team loyalty

who gave him ever'thing he wanted. He got paid enough. It was a great job. He'd quit knocking around. He'd stay in Port Neches. He told the family he'd stay. And he did stay for two seasons. But, dammit, Bum knew that giving up here, now, would be like quitting in the fourth quarter. Bum always swore he'd never quit. Bum had always said, "Everbody's gotta be somewhere." So at the two-minute

News had asked famous people from around the state what they'd do if they had it to do over. Bum Phillips, who'd been coachin' football in high school nigh onto 10 years, answered that he would be coaching football.

Anyhow. Of Bum, who had already jumped from high school coaching to college coaching twice, went back to high school again and became head coach in Port Neches, across the road from Nederland. Talk about your turncoats. It was 1964. He and his wife Helen had four daughters at the time, they're up to five now, and a son, who had transferred so much he hadn't once been eligible for the varsity. It was five times in six years that Bum had picked up his whole family, kit and caboodle, and moved on down the line. Ever time Bum told the kids to get in the car to go to the Dairy Queen or somewhere they were afraid they were moving again. Ever spring Helen started packing because they sure enough were. But now, all of a sudden, Bum said the hell with it. He was a legend in the state already. He had a good superintendent warning he took off the headset, called his family together and audibled his way out of the huddle. It was another Bumerooski. Bum Phillips was 41 years old when he decided to leave Port Neches-Groves High School and try to win the Super Bowl.

Past is prologue, even in Texas. Ironically enough, there were to be many more whistle stops both large and small before O. (for Oail) A. (for Andrew) Phillips came schugging into the wheelhouse of professional football, which may or may not be the same thing as the depot of American life, depending on whether you are a network sponsor or a nickel back. Following his sojourn along the sidelines of the Golden Triangle in East Texas, Oail Andrew worked in chronological order—you may need a scorecard now—for the coaches of the Univer-



Although Bum is inclined to horse around during the week, he is all business on Sunday afternoon

continued



KENTS
DON'T
HAVE
IT!



MERITS
DON'T
HAVE
IT!



MARLBORO
LIGHTS
DON'T
HAVE IT!



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Bum, Helen and daughter Kim Ann go over plans for their dream house

BUM PHILLIPS continued

sity of Houston, the San Diego Chargers, Southern Methodist University, Oklahoma State University and the Houston Oilers. Then he was catapulted into the head job with the Oilers. How Oat Andrew has survived and prospered in the ultimate megabucks business-sports world of homogenous, regimented and robotized hearts and minds is a feat as wondrous as all well, considering where the Oilers play half their games, as all indoors.

From the beginning he wore a burr haircut under a 10-gallon hemp hat. He collected a wardrobe of boots made from the skins of every dead beast from the boa constrictor to the kangaroo. He gnawed forever on a plug of Tinsleys stashed somewhere in the porcine cheeks of that marvelous dirt rancher's face. Only in America, right? Only in the NFL. Still, Bum Phillips played against all the modern day, Mad Ave. rules. When Houston Coach Sid Gillman named his successor in 1975, the designee turned out to be the Oilers' own laid-back defensive coordinator, the rube, Phillips. Oiler owner K.S. (Bottom Line Bud) Adams Jr. said, "I thought he was kind of a cowboy."

Well, by God, he was. But mamas don't let their cowboys grow up to be puppets. Phillips won 44 games in five years at Houston, and when Kenny Stabler, the new Oiler quarterback, joined the team this season, he said, "Me and Bum are as alike as two piles of cow manure. The guy is just an unpretentious cowboy who happens to be a football coach." There is, of course, a world of difference.

To rebuild in the National Football League is difficult enough. To win while rebuilding is something else again. Just ask Bud Wilkinson. To win while rebuilding at Houston—whose team had a well-deserved reputation for having the NFL's cheapest owner, the most outdated practice facilities and an embarrassment of a front-office operation—was considered an accomplishment beyond the fringe.

Adams, a son of the wealthy Phillips petroleum family (no Bums there) out of Oklahoma, had been through

eight coaches in 15 years and four in the previous five seasons before Phillips was offered on the altar. These men included the immortal Slingin' Sammy Baugh, who came off the range long enough to go 4-10; his successor, the immortal Hugh (Bones) Taylor, who was accused by his wife of aggravated assault in the midst of an equally awful 4-10 (she dropped the charge), and, lest he be forgotten, the amazing Bill Peterson, whose Oiler tenure lasted 19 games in 1972-73—the team lost 18—but whose even more amazing contract paid him until 1976.

Adams is the owner who was held up for the John Brodie contract in the AFL quarterback raid. Adams is the man who was involved in a controversy over "stuffing" game tickets—that is, hiding tickets to avoid a sellout and, ergo, home TV, then placing the tickets on sale following the blackout deadline. On whom, Adams has pulled parking passes to stiff the media. Adams has filled the Oiler charter flights with fat-cat business associates—"Here comes the Elks Club." Defensive End Elvin Bethea will bark disgustingly upon the arrival of Adams' cronies on the plane. In place of the ritual holiday cash gifts, Adams has doled out turkeys and hams to his unappreciative staff. In 1978 each Oiler assistant coach received a \$3,000 bonus for defeating Miami in the playoffs. The following week the assistants were given \$2,000 for beating New England. "If we win the Super Bowl," said one, "we could wind up paying the owner."

In the middle of the Oilers' disastrous 1-13 season in 1973, Adams replaced Peterson with the bow-tied workaholic, Gillman, who had brought Bum Phillips into the league at San Diego in 1967. Gillman enticed Phillips out of the college ranks (Oklahoma State) again in 1974. That year was the first the Oilers used the 3-4 defensive alignment exclusively.

"Halfire, we don't have but three guys who can play defense anyway," Bum explained. It was the first of a veritable saddlebag full of one-liners that have been shaking down the pinstriped image of the league ever since. Houston's points-against total dropped from 447 to 282 in one season, and the team won seven of 14 games in 1974.

Once he had stepped down as coach, Gillman envisioned total control emanating from the general manager's office. In January of 1975 he resigned his field position to run the team from upstairs, where he could oversee everything the new coach did. The new coach was the old high school guy, the cowboy—"All he needed was a holster," Gillman said—who would be so flattered he would tap-dance at his mentor's every beck and call.

But Gillman—like so many others before and since—had not measured his drawling cattle caller. Behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, the constant chaw and the bumpkin facade, Bum Phillips was one shrewd operator—Douglas MacArthur playing Pa Kettle. Phillips was not the troglodyte gimp carrying the garbage out the back door of the saloon. He was the ruthless shark drawing to an inside straight at the big table in the front. Phillips didn't care about the insulting salary. At 52, with a first shot at the



BUMISM: On how he slept after an opening preseason loss to Kansas City in 1976: "Like a baby—for 2½ hours."

continued

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big leagues, a man who loved it as Bum did might coach for free. But that's exactly what he did want: to coach, to lead, to be in charge.

A clause in the contract Gillman wrote up gave Phillips responsibility in all policy-making and player-personnel matters—with final approval by the general manager. Phillips knew this was coming. He had seen Gillman do this number on Charlie Waller at San Diego; seen him move up to G.M. and cut Waller's legs right out from under him. Phillips wasn't about to sign away his legs. With Gillman out of town, Phillips got the draw on Adams. He refused to coach unless the approval clause was deleted; furthermore, he demanded that Gillman be barred from the locker room and the practice field as well.

"Bad Adams had to let me have it. He couldn't get anybody else to screw it up much worse than it'd already been screwed up before Sid," Phillips says. "But Sid had to know my feelings. I was going to run this football team."

Within a month Gillman had departed and Phillips had both jobs to himself. The crew-cut cowboy had hot-branded the whole corral. Now, all he had to do was know football, get along with the players and win the games. Shoot, after nine jillion clinics and practices, 25 years and 10 different teams at all the levels—you can look it up—is it any wonder that all the rest was easy?

Bum Phillips' granddaddy rode the Chisholm Trail across the Panhandle. His daddy—Flip—rode a truck, Beaumont-to-Houston round trip twice a day, 18 hours on the road. He did it six days a week for seven years, then quit to try selling milk from his cows in the field. Flip died of emphysema.

Bum Phillips played football at French High in Beaumont. He served 31 months in the Pacific theater during World War II. "I went in thinkin' they couldn't win the war without me," he says. "I came out knowin' they couldn't win with me."

Bum played football at Lamar Junior College. He rode and dogged bulls in the rodeo for spending money. "Hail yes, I won," he says. He played football again while attending Stephen F. Austin State University.

Bum Phillips got his peculiar nickname early on because nobody could pronounce Ouil, thank heavens, least of all his younger sister, Edrina Phillips also could not say "brother," which came out "bumble," which was shortened to the now-familiar "Bum." Great moments in sports.

Surely, Phillips will be crack-



BUMISE: "Earl Campbell may not be in a class by himself, but whatever class he's in, it doesn't take long to call the roll."

ing that "Bum is a name, not a description. It's fine as long as you don't put a 'you' in front of it" to his dying day. But Ronnie Brown, the Oiler photographer, is credited with the best of the plethora of abominable plays on this

name. What Phillips has done in five years is create, Brown said, a "bummerization" of the Oilers.

"Bummerizing," in effect, is a sense of and feel for the team. Everyone is an adult. Everyone is an individual. Everyone knows what is expected of him and is trusted to carry out these duties and responsibilities. The coach is close to the players. He is a friend. All the coaches are friends. Bethesda, the elder statesman, refers to "our happy home." Signs all around trumpet: "Luv Ya Blue." Somehow it works.

Bum lets his "boys" or "kids" eat banana pudding, play volleyball and wear funny hats in practices, which are seldom long or hard. Thursdays are beer-keg days at the training field. On Saturdays the players can bring their wives, kids and dogs. One Saturday, Phillips' friend Willie Nelson, the C&W singer, showed up on the field in an Oiler T-shirt. It was all the players could do to keep from breaking out in a few bars of Whiskey River. "Ah, the Texas national anthem," Phillips sighs at the mere mention of the song. "Now we're talkin' heaven."

There are no curfews for the Oilers, few rules, seldom a fine. Last year Phillips held up the team plane an hour and a half to wait for a linebacker who was late. "Houston's traffic's a bitch," Bum explained. In the historically quiet, grim sanctuary of the pregame dressing room, at least 18 different strains of music blare from stereo "boxes" as the Oilers boogie away their nerves.

Phillips drives his red pickup to workouts. He drinks beer with the players. Lots. He sings country and western with some, plays dominoes with others. He "discusses" his on-field decisions with a few. "Hey, Short Hairs, why didn't we go for it?" Center Carl Mueck, Bum's favorite, bellows at the back of the plane. "Hey, Short Hairs. You got to be nuts."

"Loyalty up and down the line," Bum says. "That's what's important. But you know what? I can get away with all this because they like me. If they didn't, the sonsabitches would kill me."

Phillips never criticizes a player in public. "Bum would rather release a player than yell at him," says Ed Biles, the defensive coordinator. Though the Oilers have been one game away from

continued



Usually stoical, Bum occasionally gets hot under the Stetson

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the Super Bowl the last two seasons—Phillips bowed like a baby after the second of the two devastating playoff losses to the Steelers—the most emotionally upset the team can remember him being was following a preseason loss to Dallas in 1979. The locker room was eerily silent for once. “Any one but this one,” Phillips murmured. That’s all he said. The Oilers felt they had deserted the old man. On Thanksgiving Day, in the rematch that counted, they beat the Cowboys 30–24.

The Good Ol’ Boy family atmosphere on the Oilers is not a myth. In search of the perfect chord, Phillips has fine-penciled the waiver lists to bring in every reject, castoff and renegade this side of Jesse James to help the Oilers. At different times he has hired on a fireman, a softball player and a cement-mixer truck driver. This year’s kick-return man, Carl Roaches, was driving an ice-cream truck last year. Good Hamor’s on the 30, the 40, the 50. . . .

Phillips employs his son, 33-year-old Wade, to coach the defensive line. Wade says if he ever messes up he’ll claim heredity. Phillips’ 1978 team, which went to the AFC title game, included 21 free agents. Andy Dorris, the defensive left end, calls the Oilers “football’s melting pot.” Recently a 5’ 9”, 230-pound Mexican-American named James Juarez turned up on the Oilers’ doorstep wanting to know if—“Don’t laugh, amigo,” he said—he could help Bum at linebacker. Juarez said he hadn’t played football in a couple of years but that he’d been working out at a health club. A trainer told Juarez that Bum would get back to him.

That is the whole ball of wax, don’t you see. The reason Bum Phillips has captured the imagination of all football is not so much the hats and the boots and the twanged-out jokes in between the tobacco juice flying into his makeshift spittoons. Why, this fat old red-neck truck driver has turned a disheveled, downtrodden NFL franchise into a Salvation Army Sunday-afternoon sandlot pickup crew, the same kind we see celebrating a W in all those TV beer commercials every week. Luv Ya Blue is nothing but buzz language for “Kick ass, blue collars.” Come on down, James Juarez.

Winning enough to play for the AFC championship two years in a row may be merely a footnote in the developing legacy of Bum Phillips.

“Discipline?” Bum says. “My idea of discipline is not makin’ guys do something, it’s gettin’ ‘em to do it. There’s a difference in bishchin’ and coachin’. Some places the whole damn practice is a constant gripe. All negative stuff. The first thing you know is your people tune you out. Then it becomes a challenge to make them do somethin’ they should be doin’ on their own all along. The only discipline that lasts is self-discipline.

“Anyhow: A long time ago I gave up this philosophy of



Small talk isn't in the game plan for most pro coaches, but Bum finds time whether in Dewalt or on his old with new quarter-back Stabler.



not gettin' close to the players. 'Stay away. Keep your distance.' That's a lot a bull! It came home to me when I was coachin' my son and workin' his little fancy off. I was mean and tough. But he knew it was just pretendin'. He knew I loved him. There was never any doubt. I'm around these guys seven months, seven days a week. I laugh with 'em. Cry with 'em. I know 'em. I want 'em to understand my fondness. I want us to be close. I think it helps 'em play better.

"Anyhow. Our practices aren't that easy. I believe our folks work hard. There's such a thing as 'busy work.' You know, shufflin' your feet. Actin' like you doin' somethin' when you ain't, just so you take up time. A lot of hard work is spent wastin' time. Millin' for practice. Don't write it like this, but a guy has to have confidence not to do things the way others do. Somehow people get long hours and success confused. I say, do what you got to do, get it done and forget about it. Time to go home.

"Anyhow. I just don't think rules are that important. Good people are important. Lookin' this Dorris. Nobody thought he was much. But I knew he was good people. He'd be good for this team. Then he muscled up and learned how to play. [Rich] Caster—the Jets gave up on him. What a person! By the time he gets through he could be a politician in this town. Jack Tatum, another one. Hasn't said one word of trouble. These people are team people. That's why we got 'em. I don't pay attention to bad reputations or worry about a guy's past. It's a new day here. 'Course, it was a long haul.' (Bum switches to the second person now real fast.) "Sometimes you had to go with what you might call your misfits. A guy has to satisfy your needs, fill the gaps. Sometimes you had to pick up an ornery cuss you'd never want to hold the end of your rope instead of some good ol' boy who'd get you beat 21-7."

As a 6'4", 225-pound rookie linebacker in 1973, Dorris might have been thought of as a good ol' boy who'd get you beat 41-3. Three seasons later, in a two-month period, he was traded by one team, released by another and rejected by two more after tryouts. But when Bethen broke his arm in a November 1977 game against Oakland, Phillips was desperate. He inquired around the locker room if the Oilers knew anyone who might be home. Somebody mentioned Dorris.

"I'll never forget Bum's words on the phone," Dorris says. "He asked me if I'd like to come down and play a little ball. He sounded like an old farmer trying to get a game going in the pasture. Bum blew my mind. I came out to the field on a bus and asked when practice was. I guess it was when everybody got there. I couldn't believe it. Here were guys sitting on helmets and shinning up goalposts. There were stray dogs running across the field. No whistles. Everybody did his own calisthenics. Guys were wearing different outfits, T-shirts, hats. Guys came late. I had just been with New Orleans under Hank Stram. We got fined \$50 for having a chin strap unbuckled. They fined a guy who missed practice there even after he told them he'd been in a car wreck. We had three practices a day in the pre-season. Stram took two years off my playing life. This deal here looked like a paradise."

In gratitude, after three years in Houston, Dorris has gone from 228 to 260 pounds and become an integral part of the team's fearsome pass rush. He named his youngest son Sam Houston. "Under most of these stiff team regimens around the league, young, untamed players play nervous and they're always afraid they'll make a mistake," Dorris says. "The system takes away aggressiveness. But Bum withdraws that pressure. It doesn't seem like a business. It's so much more personal. He's acutely aware of what everyone is doing—in their business dealings, personal affairs, home life. He's told us many times we've been hand-picked for our interrelationships. We're close enough so that we can act like fools, then get down to it."

In the beginning, back in '74, when Gillman was in charge and Phillips was just a small-time companion doing Will Rogers in the back of team meetings, there wasn't much evidence that things would turn out this way. Don Haskins down at UTEP remembers "the burr head spitting his juice into that Folger's can, but you know, this coulda happened. The players adolized the guy." And Bill Yeomans, who employed Phillips as an assistant at the University of Houston, says Bum was always good at "the tedious things—getting along with the players, being gentle, sweet, rolling with the punches and not letting anything explode."

But on the Oilers nobody could have predicted where Bum Phillips was going. "He was just another assistant," says Bethen. "Then Bum got to be the man and started bringing in these characters off the street. This got to be a zoo, a wild bunch. I said, 'How could this country hick be a football guy?' Sometimes I sit back and still wonder. But he made players out of people you'd never believe. [Defensive Back] Greg Stenrick. He was cut from here once before. He went with the WFL. [Linebacker] Teddy Washington was at K.C. Teddy was lost. Now they're starters, big contributors. Bum gave these guys the opportunity to find themselves."

Originally, Bethen, a perennial All-Pro who nearly singlehandedly held the Oilers together through the lean years, made it known he wanted no part of Phillips' 3-4 defense. "I've wanted out several times," he says. "I would've even gone to Buffalo, I hated the 34 so much. But Bum kept saying to me, 'Yeah, Elvin, but you got to play it.' Real easy-like. He said we'd win with it. Then when we did, he had me convinced. What Bum does differently is enable us to voice our opinions. And he listens. He lets men be their own men."

Among the men's recognized freedoms is that of speech. After the voluble Mauck was observed with his uniform shirttail hanging out in a Monday night TV game against Cleveland, the league fined him \$250. The official statement noted the shirt was out "drastically and consciously." Phillips couldn't wait to hear Mauck's reaction. It was a beauty. "Pete Rozelle is a Czar, he belongs in Russia," Mauck ranted in the dressing room. Then he told Barry Warner of radio station KIKK in Houston. "In the off-season NFL players rob banks, forge checks and sell dope to kids, and Rozelle does nothing. Then he fines me for a shirttail

continued

He's a despicable lowlife. It's people like him who are what's wrong with America."

Phillips himself is the antithesis of harsh. He speaks—as has been written—"with the gentleness of a man stroking a calf." Phillips' most oft-quoted pearl may be the one about the other team in football's toughest division. Of Pittsburgh, Bum said, "Last year we knocked on the door, this year we beat on it, next year we gonna kick the sonofabitch in." He said this last January in front of 50,000 people who were waiting in the Astrodome—20,000 more were in the parking lot—when the Oilers arrived home after losing to the Steelers once again. But Bum's mama, 82-year-old Naomi, didn't like the language one bit. For Western purists, the essential Phillips is better on subjects of general import, such as "They ain't but four things in life I know somethin' about—pickup trucks, gumbo, cold beer and barbecued ribs."

Phillips left out football players. For all his reputation as a defensive blackboard strategist and humanitarian molder of relationships, the man's eye for individual talent and flair for weaving it into the fabric of a team has been the outstanding characteristic of his reign at Houston. While Phillips gave the franchise direction, cohesion and his inimitable style, his trade with Tampa Bay for the draft rights to Earl Campbell didn't hurt. Not that it took a genius to see what Campbell could do for a team. But Bum was wheeling and dealing to get the Oilers untracked long before the Campbell opportunity presented itself.

One of the most fragile of front-office skills is the achievement of balance between trades and draft choices. Backing and filling the meat on and off the hoof, George Allen extended the lives of his teams by trading for ancient relics. Chuck Noll and Tom Landry have relied almost exclusively on the draft. To move the Oilers into the neighborhood of the elite, Phillips has craftily employed both tools of the trade. Since taking over, Phillips has pulled off at least one "blockbuster" trade before each of his six seasons as Oiler coach.

1975. Center Mauck to Houston from San Diego for negotiating rights to two players no longer in football. Mauck has started 142 consecutive games; from Day One he has been the spiritual leader of the Oilers.

1976. Quarterback John Hadl, Cornerback Ken Ellis, cash and two draft choices from Green Bay for Quarterback Lynn Dickey. Though Hadl contributed little, with one draft the Oilers got Fullback Tim Wilson; they traded Ellis to Miami for two other draft picks, one of which turned out to be Jimmie Giles, the man the Buccaneers desired for the rights to Campbell.

1977. Punter Cliff Parsley from New Orleans for a sixth-round draft pick. Punting had been an Oiler embarrassment; Parsley has started for three years, sacrificing his average on a control team that often gives up the ball at midfield where a kicker must finesse rather than boom away.

1978. Campbell via the draft from Tampa Bay for Giles

and four draft picks. With Giles and Quarterback Doug Williams, drafted with a Houston pick, the Bucs made the NFC championship game last year. With Campbell, the Oilers made history. The former University of Texas Heisman Trophy winner led the NFL in rushing his first two years (1978, 1,450 yards; '79, 1,697). Houston also gave up virtually nothing in exchange for the Jets' Easter.

1979. Offensive Tackle Leon Gray from New England for more draft choices. The Oilers had slumped into a malaise after a career-ending head injury to Tackle Greg Sampsen, a budding star. Gray is merely one of the best at his position. Ever.

1980. Quarterback Ken Stabler from Oakland for Quarterback Dan Pastorini. The Big Gamble. And when it became evident that Stabler was not able to complete those passes underneath defenses as he had at Oakland, Phillips backed his bet last week by acquiring four-time All-Pro Tight End Dave Casper from the Raiders. Total cost for this new battery: a first- and two second-round choices (for Casper) and Pastorini, a nine-year starter for the Oilers (straight-up for Stabler). Tune in Jan. 25 to see if Bum Phillips snookered a championship.

As for the draft, in 1975, with his first choice in his first year, Phillips chose the awesome Robert Brazile, Doctor Doom himself, now a consensus All-Pro linebacker. Gillman had traded away most of the 1976 Oiler picks; still, Phillips came away with Mike Barber, the starting tight end. In the 1977 draft the Oilers hit the jackpot, landing running backs Wilson and Rob Carpenter, offensive linemen Morris Towns and George Reihner and Defensive Back Bill Currier, all of whom became starters.

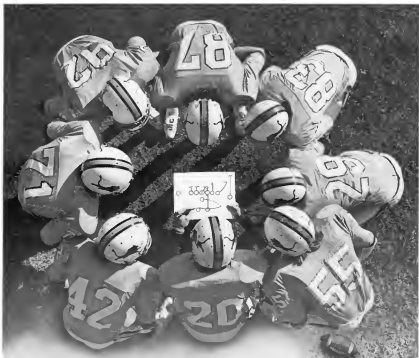
Reclamation projects? The Houston halfway house for the extremely wayward remains open. The Oilers got five solid years out of Steve Kiner, an admitted reformed drug user. Phillips got several productive games from the Smith brothers, not the cough drop twins but the noted malcontents, Bubba and Tody. Now Bum is further testing his mettle with the recent employment of Thomas (Hollywood) Henderson, the prince of shuck and jive.

Among Houston's other free-agent pickups are Placekicker Toni Fritsch, who was reputed to have a drinking problem, and Defensive Back Vernon Perry, who came from the Canadian Football League, allegedly a more serious flaw. Fritsch made the Pro Bowl last year. "Fritsch is so good he practices missin'," Phillips says. "I don't listen to no rumors. Fritsch don't drink during the season. Hail, the man who put that story out would say I have a drinkin' problem."

Phillips has become such a hero in Houston that even his most glaring mistakes are passed over as mere bagatelles. In 1976 Bum gave up on a rookie receiver named Steve Largent, who has gone on to renown in Seattle. Last season, in the first Pittsburgh game, the Oilers were behind 31-7 when Phillips froze on the sidelines and inserted Billy Johnson to return a kickoff. The popular "White Shoes" had missed most of the previous season with knee surgery



BUMISM: After watching Oakland Rookie Defensive End Charles Phillyaw in 1976: "He's gonna be a great lineman, unless he gets hurt. And if he does, I'd like to have the guy who does it."



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and was obviously vulnerable, gun-shy. Moreover, Phillips had publicly announced that Johnson was too valuable a property to be used as a kick returner anymore. But here he came in a cause that was long-lost. This time the other knee buckled and, whoops, there went another White Shoes-less season.

Another questionable game-day decision came in this season's opener at Pittsburgh when he decided to punt away on fourth-and-inches in Steeler territory. The Oilers had come from 0-17 to tie the game 17-all and were in full cry with three minutes, six seconds to go in the third quarter. But Earl Campbell didn't get the call; Parsley did. After they recovered from the shock of Phillips' giveaway, the Steelers took the ball and drove 80 yards for the score and won 31-17. Afterward, Joe Greene said, "When you've got a howitzer [Campbell], you've got to fire it." Lynn Swann said, "Campbell should have carried. Chuck Noll would've let us go for it."

Ouch. In New York or Philadelphia, wonderful places like that, Phillips would have been crucified by press and public alike. In Houston the situation was kid-gloved all the way.

This is not to say that every silver lining has lacked clouds. Phillips has lost some credibility with the Houston media—largely a result of his loud denials that the Stabler-Pastorini deal was imminent. There are journalists who claim that, with fame and celebrity, the coach has become too pompous and lazy for his own good. For a long time Phillips didn't speak with the Oilers' administrative vice-president, Ladd Herzog, a young accountant from Cleveland (Cleveland?) who says it took him "several months to realize how intelligent and sophisticated Bum is." Then there is the coach's ongoing arms-length relationship with his difficult boss, Adams, who some believe would just as soon fire Phillips as not if he could find any good reason.

Phillips' 5-9 record in 1976 would have been grounds for dismissal had not the Oilers been depleted by injuries and had not the season been preceded by the team's fluke 10-4 record in Phillips' initial campaign. In 1978, when Phillips' second two-year contract was running out, Adams was thought to be tying the noose, but the Oilers put together a November winning streak during which they came from 23 points behind to defeat New England 26-23, then beat Miami 35-30 in Campbell's famous (199 yards) Monday Night monster mash. Adams was forced to sign up Phillips for another three years. Now seemingly poised to make a third strong run for the Super Bowl, the coach may be beyond Adams' reach.

Bum Phillips doesn't go out to restaurants in Houston much. He usually escapes to the privacy of his cutting-horse barns out in Dewalt, just west of suburban Missouri City, where he is building a new home on a 10-acre plot hard by the railroad tracks. Bum himself cut out a piece of the land for a lake. Bum got his friend Red Adair, the oil-well fire fighter, to fill the lake with water. Bum stocked the lake with cat-

fish and perch; he has a high old time out there every night just sitting under the cottonwoods feeding the fish and waiting for the house and stables to be built so he can bring over his 14 quarter horses.

Helen Phillips doesn't share much of Bum's football world. She raised the children, and he coached the team. They never related the two lives to one another. After Wade, there were five daughters in a row. Cheerleaders, not players. "Seems like coaches always have daughters," Bum says. Kim Ann, "my 14-year-old," is still at home. So is Charlie, the myna bird.

"I'm 13, Daddy," Kim Ann says.

"Feed the bird," Charlie says. (It comes out sounding a lot like "beat Pittsburgh.")

"How long have you had the myna, Mrs. Phillips?"

"Since SMU," she says. Helen knows football teams, not years. But of course there is the connection. A life-span marked off by the first-down chains. That's the way it always was.

"Now, Helen don't know much about the teams either," Bum says later, far from home and Helen. "Ever time somebody asks her about football, she acts dumb, like she has no idea what a first-and-10 is. But I taught her enough to watch a game without always lookin' at the guy who's got the ball."

"You know, I never had time for my family," he says, lost in thought. "Never got real close to any of 'em. Always movin' and coachin' and doin' the X's and O's. Maybe it wasn't worth it. Here I am in the pros and I haven't got any more money or happiness than I had back in high school. Damn. It must have been hard on Helen and the kids. 'Course, I never knew. I never asked 'em."

Bum is riding shotgun and sucking on his third six-pack of the night on the way home from a horse-cutting exhibition at Jim Reno's in Simonton. Reno is one of the foremost horse sculptors in the land, a genius in his field who left art school in the Midwest and spun his wheels around Houston for 18 years before he was discovered. Now Jim Reno, from way back in New Castle, Ind., is commissioned to do private-collection Secretarats and life-size Bob (King Ranch) Klebergs just as Bum Phillips, a nobody past 40 at Port Neches so long ago, is now in against the Dallases and Pittsburghs at the zenith of his profession.

"You think we're a parallel?" Phillips says, deep into the night. "Damn. I never thought of that. Ol' Jim, my cuttin'-horse buddy. He's been a friend for seven years and I never thought of that. The guy really is talented, ain't he? A craftsman, a master."

Bum Phillips had made a connection. The coach took another long swig of beer and stared out the car window at the flat, black Texas plain. It was a silent, pensive, strangely haunting moment for the clown cowpoke of pro football. Only then did the coach realize that Jim Reno, and Helen Phillips, too, for that matter, ain't the kind of people who'd get you beat 21-7.



BUMISM: "To keep Gregg Bingham out of a game, you'd have to cut off his head, and then hide it. Just cuttin' off his head wouldn't accomplish anything. He'd go find it and try to play anyway."

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Yesterday

by MARK GEAREN

THE HAIG VS. EUGENE SARAZEN WAS A GOLF MATCH THAT WAS MADE IN HEAVEN

The golden '20s in America were the time of golf's greatest professional matches. Golf played by holes rather than strokes is almost extinct now, and only the Piccadilly Match in London still provides the public with a taste of the old excitement. While the '20s were not an era of big purses, there was no shortage of personalities. Players had reputations to make and uphold—without help from television—and they did all they could to enhance the drama of the game. Match play is intrinsically dramatic, and the pros who competed—Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, MacDonald Smith, Tommy Armour and the rest—were a most colorful company.

The finest individual match probably was the 1923 PGA final at Pelham, N.Y.—the first time Hagen, 30, and Sarazen, a mere 21, met with a major championship at stake. These two were the best match-play golfers of their time. Hagen, in fact, is considered by many to be the master match player of American golf. He won the PGA Championship five times in the '20s, four in succession, which required 22 consecutive victories. It is a match-play record no one has approached. But what made Hagen truly legendary was that in almost half of those 22 matches, he was behind with nine holes to play—as many as four down—yet each time he pulled it out.

The hex Hagen had on his contemporaries is difficult to explain. Aside from Arnold Palmer, who now epitomizes the television era, Hagen was the greatest showman golf has known. He was a dominating personality who walked each course as if it were his plantation, and he commanded such attention that his opponents often faded into the background. Before each shot Hagen played in the exaggerated style of the silent movie stars of that day—puffing off imaginary perspiration, striking an attitude to contemplate the dis-

tance to a green, changing clubs three times before a shot. It would all have been ridiculous if he didn't have the shots to back up his histrionics, but of course Hagen had them.

To be sure, he was the most idiosyncratic of the great shotmakers. Hagen had considerable body sway on the longer shots, and his driving involved a certain element of Russian roulette. Every six or seven holes the Haig would mistime his lunge and wallop the ball 40 yards off line. No matter, his expression implied. He walked off with the crowd at his heels and recovered, usually magnificently. Around 160 yards from the flag Hagen's sway disappeared and his hands took over, as he deftly ushered the ball into the hole.

It was a time of whippy hickory shafts and superb "hands" players, and, says Sarazen today, "Next to Armour, Hagen had the best hands in golf, and they really worked in his short game. He was the best chipper I've ever seen, the best putter I've ever seen, the best within 150 yards I've ever seen. And these were unwatered greens where you couldn't just whack it at the hole. He used every type of finesse shot to get it in there—never used the same shot twice." The result was devastating. Not even Bobby Jones demoralized an opponent with the short game as Hagen did. The only time Hagen met Jones at match, over 72 holes in 1926, the two played almost evenly up to the greens. But again Hagen hit a short-game streak when he needed it, averaged under 27

putts a round and beat Bobby 12 and 11.

Only one pro of the '20s had the moxie to cope successfully with Hagen at match play. That was Eugene Sarazen, who renamed himself Gene Sarazen, he once explained, so that he wouldn't be mistaken for a violinist. A grade-school dropout who worked as a caddy to help support his family, Sarazen rose from nowhere to the very top in 1922, winning both the Open and the PGA—which Hagen had skipped that year. And if you didn't know that Sarazen, a low-ball hitter and aggressive shotmaker, was the hottest thing in golf, he was quick to inform you. His cockiness annoyed a lot of older pros, but there was no denying his talent. There was even talk in some quarters that Hagen had ducked Sarazen in the PGA. That fall and winter the two were brought together in Florida for a pair of unofficial "world championship" matches, which they split. The official match playoff would be the next year's PGA, but down South the two got a chance to size each other up.

Hagen found the little man rather different from his usual opponents. For one thing, Sarazen plainly relished a good fight just as much as Hagen did. Sarazen was a tough competitor and an exceedingly thick-skinned individual. The Haig tried every variety of psych he could think of: flowery compliments, warnings about the hazards coming up, questions about the details of Sarazen's swing—all to no avail.

And Sarazen was capable of the ultimate in insolence—upstaging Haig. Sarazen was an arresting player to watch. His golf was more an expression of emotion than technique. It was as if he was carrying on a personal vendetta with the golf course and his opponent. Approaching each shot as if freshly insulted, he tore at the ball with venom. If the ball hooked, he might gallop to the right, trying to bring it back, occasionally stumbling into the gallery. Watching Sarazen could almost be dangerous, but crowds found him fascinating—and so Hagen was forced to settle for half the attention of the audience.

The '23 PGA developed very much as the officials had hoped, the two favorites rac-



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ing through their halves of the draw and meeting for the championship. But it was a more bitter final than had been bargained for. Hagen had lost his British Open crown to Arthur Havers in a close match at Troon, Scotland, and Sarazen's U.S. Open title was taken by Bobby Jones at the Inwood Country Club in Inwood, N.Y. So, the PGA was the last chance for either man to win a major tournament that year. The crowd was loud and unruly, the atmosphere strained, and an incident on the 6th hole set an unpleasant tone. Sarazen's approach wound up on a leaf-strewn patch between two ill-defined bunkers. After getting word from an official that he was in neither hazard, Sarazen moved leaves from around the ball and tapped the sand to test it. In an instant Hagen was charging across the green.

"Say, what's going on here?" he said loudly. "You know that's illegal, moving leaves in a hazard and grounding your club. How about playing by the rules?" Warren Wood, the referee, stepped in to explain, but the buzzing gallery never lost its first impression: that Sarazen was trying to get away with something. Still fuming at Hagen's remarks, Sarazen stubbed his chip far short of the hole, and missed the putt. "I'm glad you won that hole, Walter," he said, going to the next tee. "I don't want to hear any squawking from you tonight."

After this, the match was a terrific tug-of-war played in a very disagreeable atmosphere. Neither golfer spoke to the other from the 7th hole on, and neither gained more than a one-up advantage all morning. The first four holes in the afternoon were halved, and then Sarazen pulled in front by doing the improbable: outputting Hagen. He birdied from 30 feet on 5, from 12 feet on 6. The Haig looked unaffected as always, but he three-putted the 7th, from no great distance. Rarely had Hagen started a war of nerves and lost it, but now it looked as if that would be the case.

On 11 Hagen was superb, flying an approach to within six feet and birdieing. Now he was two holes down, with seven left. The two were clearing hazards and hitting greens so uniformly that it was like watching a pair of hurdlers, but Hagen's putting was bolder and better. Four holes were halved in par-birdie-par-par, with two rimmed putts by The Haig. The par-3 16th featured a tiny green,

heavily guarded, which Hagen hit with an iron shot. Sarazen couldn't match it, hooking and bogeying. Hagen was one down with two to play.

Sarazen had some butterflies by now, but the long 17th promised to reward his length off the tee. He hit a lovely drive, only to see Hagen, who was not known for his distance, reach back and hit one longer. Gene's brassie approach from 260 yards out bounced into the trap at green-side. Too nervous to await The Haig's deliberations, Sarazen walked up the right-hand rough, looking backward over his shoulder. Hagen's shot started out strong but then suddenly, bizarrely, veered sharply to the left and out of bounds—a classic Hagen mishap.

Hagen's supporters were stunned, and there was a sense of numbness as he dropped a second ball and rode into it. The shot flew straight toward the green, threaded the bunkers and ended 20 feet from the hole.

Then Sarazen decided to be a bit cautious. There being no sand wedge in those days (Sarazen is credited with inventing the wedge around 1930 after considerable experimentation in his garage), and with out of bounds looming beyond the green, he blasted very carefully but came up 30 feet short. As Hagen watched, Sarazen gave his putt a little too much and watched it trickle four feet past the cup. Hagen surveyed his own putt long and majestically—characteristically not seeming to understand who was on the ropes here—then stepped up and rolled it in for a five. It was precisely the nightmare sequence Hagen was always producing for his opponents, and Sarazen completed it himself by missing his short putt. Match even with one to play.

Sarazen had lost a hole he had seemed certain to win, and the one that would have given him the match, but he was one of those rare golfers who play well in adversity. Both men parred the 18th and birdied the first hole of sudden death. On that par-5 Hagen chipped his third shot a foot from the hole. Sarazen chipped four feet away, and this time he didn't miss.

The 2nd at Pelham was a short dogleg to the left, a birdie hole but guarded by woods at the corner, bunkering around the green, and out of bounds on the left side. Hagen drove safely up the right side for a short pitch and putt, and Sarazen

at last lost his patience. He decided to settle it then and there by driving directly to the green. Only a high hook would do, 260 yards of carry plus some roll. Unfortunately, Sarazen not only was a low-ball hitter, but he also risked going out of bounds to the left. Perhaps the stupidity of the shot crossed his mind during the backswing. At any rate, the shot started hooking right off the club head, more than was called for, and flew toward some nearby dwellings. There was a loud pop of balata on wood. "The last I heard of that one," wrote Hagen later, "it was rattling between the houses." With the location of Sarazen's drive still unknown, the players walked forward from the tee. But then came a call from a marshal and the discovery of Sarazen's ball, safely in bounds. The shot had ricocheted back onto the course. Sarazen was, naturally, thrilled at his good fortune, and Hagen simply couldn't believe it. In later years The Haig attributed the ball's return to some fans of Italian descent living near the corner of the dogleg.

Now Sarazen slashed at the ball with his niblick. He caught it flush and the ball bounced to within two feet of the hole. The gallery turned toward Hagen and, for the first and last time, saw that he was shaken.

It was quite a sight. The urbane Haig stood gaping like a robe, first at Sarazen, then at Sarazen's ball. Hagen had been so sure that Sarazen's drive had cost him the match that his own composure was shot. He hit at his ball without taking time to settle down, without preparation and fluffed it into a bunker in front of his nose. He recovered gamely—to within a foot of the hole—but Sarazen made sure of his tip-in and, with it, the PGA Championship.

Sadly, these two never competed again in the PGA, though each year officials tried to get them together for another Pelham. Sarazen went into a slump after 1923 and developed a problem of slippage in his grip that wasn't worked out until 1930, by which time The Haig was past his crest. Hagen, of course, went on to win each PGA from 1924 through '27 in his unprecedented streak. When the streak was broken by Leo Diegel in the 1928 PGA, Hagen finally began to absorb some match defeats, but nothing of his later career packed quite the punch of Pelham in 1923. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SLAP SHOTS

Sir:

Your Oct. 13 issue was one of your worst. You call your section on Hockey 1980-81 a scouting report? I expected to see a team-by-team critique but instead was subjected to an opinionated essay by some less-than-knowing writer. Maybe next year you can resume the form that SI is known for.

TED CHALL
Norman, Okla.

Sir:

I loved Kathy Blumenstock's scouting reports, except for her predilection that the Flyers and Islanders will repeat in the Stanley Cup final. I think it will be the Islanders and the Sabres.

BRIAN A. VASEY
New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

"Just ordinary"? Of all the insulting remarks you could possibly make about the Montreal Canadiens, "ordinary" is the most ridiculous. Kathy Blumenstock's scouting reports will be saved and referred to in May when the Stanley Cup Comes to rest in its true home the Montreal Forum.

ALAN LKIGHT
Cincinnati

Sir:

We Minnesotans know that the North Stars will decisively win the Stanley Cup.

RICK HARTFIEL
Wayzata, Minn.

Sir:

The NHL has done a lot of stupid things, but the new Rule No. 54 on fighting has to take the cake. I witnessed a Chicago-St. Louis exhibition game in which a brawl erupted in the third period. Instead of heading to a neutral position on the ice, however, the players who were not fighting grabbed each other—as they always do.

To make a long story short, more than 100 minutes in penalties were assessed. In addition, Referee Bryan Lewis spent about 10 minutes trying to explain the penalties to the scorekeeper, while fans littered the ice with debris.

I guess I shouldn't be surprised. After all, this is the NHL: hear no bawling, see no bawling, say nothing about bawling.

GEORGE C. REED
Springfield, Ill.

REFORMING THE NHL

Sir:

Mark Mulvoy's letter to NHL President John Ziegler (*Dear John*, Oct. 13) was the finest piece I've ever read in SI. Finally the feelings of hockey fans—or should I say those

who would like to be hockey fans?—were put down in print. However, Mulvoy's letter was the only part of the hockey preview I read, because until the NHL changes, I have no interest in the trivial details of that ridiculous league.

RICHARD WINOGRAD
Los Angeles

Sir:

If you keep allowing Mark Mulvoy to write this kind of article, you're going to lose him to the front office of the NHL. The problem is: Could the NHL handle that much improvement in one year?

DAVE SENIOR
Los Angeles

Sir:

I commend Mark Mulvoy on his letter, particularly his suggestion for realigning the NHL. A three-division, seven-team setup is the answer. Also, having 11 games against divisional rivals and one each against the rest of the clubs is the best idea I've heard. But I differ on two other points:

First, only eight teams, not 12, should make the playoffs—three divisional champs and five wild-card teams, based on total points. Thus, no team would be a shoo-in just because it was second or third in its division. It would have to prove itself in comparison to the whole league.

Second, I feel it would be foolish to invite a European team to the playoffs. Can you imagine the effect on the North American fans and on the NHL if the Stanley Cup were shipped across the Atlantic? The players would be especially hurt if, after struggling through 80 games plus playoffs, they lost to a team that hadn't played half as many games or competed against as hard-hitting teams as, say, the Islanders or Flyers. I can just picture the 1982 Stanley Cup final: the Soviet team wins the Cup in Buffalo, and World War III begins when nobody will let them out of the Aud.

GREG LUREMAN
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

Sir:

Mark Mulvoy's supposedly brilliant realignment of the NHL eliminates some natural rivalries. For example, Buffalo and Toronto are within 100 miles of each other, and Punch Imlach, who built the Sabres, now masterminds the Maple Leafs. Also, when the Canadiens and Sabres meet, no better hockey can be found anywhere. Yet under Mulvoy's plan, these matchups would occur only once each season.

KENNETH M. HUGHES
State College, Pa.

THE SUTTER BROTHERS

Sir:

How long can SI go on depicting violence in hockey while celebrating good ole boys like young Richie Sutter who's "going to be a helluva pro," at least partly because, you seem to say, he issues challenges even before games start? SI seems to think that's spunky, but when a hockey brawl ends up with someone in the hospital, you people look all over the place for someone to blame. Maybe it's your fault for applauding goonish behavior in a magazine widely read by young athletes.

For Sutter's sake, I hope he sticks his nose into the wrong locker room soon again and this time learns some hockey manners. In the meantime, SI, you can't have it both ways.

RICHARD BLESSING
Seattle

PARTY SCHOOLS

Sir:

But, but, but the people at Playboy have to be wrong (19TH HOLE, Oct. 6). Through the cold winters on the frozen plains of Eastern Washington the one thing that kept us warm was the knowledge that with the spring sun Washington State would once again attain its place in the pantheon of party schools. My freshman composition teacher told me that in 1965, and I've believed it so firmly ever since that I bet I could tell a polygraph that I'd actually seen a copy of the story and the needles wouldn't even quiver. As I recall our version of the story, the schools joining Washington State in the "pro" league—i.e., too tough to even rate with the morales—were Arizona State, San Jose State and the University of California, Santa Barbara.

GARRY HILL
Los Altos, Calif.

Sir:

In September 1968 Playboy did publish "A Switzer's Guide to Academe," in which the University of Wisconsin was ranked No. 1 in "permissiveness" and defined as "the party school." Virginia and West Virginia weren't even mentioned.

WILLIAM E. FISHER
Milwaukee

Sir:

I'd like to put to rest the controversy between Virginia and West Virginia over which is the No. 1 party school. Since no one has yet confirmed the existence of any such ranking, the only alternative is to battle it out on the football field. On Oct. 4 West Virginia beat Virginia 45-21. We're willing to accept this as consolation.

SCOTT SMITH
Morgantown, W. Va.

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19TH HOLE continued

STEADFAST FAN (CONT.)

Sir:

I have another chapter to offer in the ongoing saga of Charles C. Brownmiller, Lafayette-Lehigh football watcher extraordinaire. Twenty years ago, when Brownmiller, Lafayette '17, attended his 50th consecutive Lafayette-Lehigh game, you covered it in *FACES IN THE CROWD* (Nov. 28, 1960). His 67th was covered in *19th HOLE* via a letter from me (Dec. 5, 1977). This year on Nov. 22, as Brownmiller goes for No. 70, we are planning to honor him at a pregame brunch. At the same time, we will also be saluting Roger Connors, Lafayette '28, who will be seeing his 71st consecutive Lafayette-Lehigh clash. Connors, who is from Easton, Pa. and, therefore, a *townie*, obviously started quite young. I just wonder if these two men, with a total of 141 consecutive annual games between them, might have set some sort of collegiate alumni record.

HILTON RAHN
Berlheim, Pa.

SPORTSMAN (CONT.)

Sir:

I suggest you give the Sportsman of the Year award to Pittsburgh Steeler Coach Chuck Noll, whose work and philosophy have long gone unacclaimed. Your two-part article on him earlier this year (*Man Not Myth*, July 21 and *The Teacher*, July 28) gave us a good look at a fine man. Let's reward him for putting together the greatest football team of all time. Noll's success and modesty make him a true Sportsman.

TOD GOODWIN
San Diego

Sir:

I know that this is the year of the miracle hockey victory in the Olympics and that Jack Nicklaus, Steve Carlton, Miruts Yifter, Magic Johnson, etc., are deserving, but let's have a little respect for our elders. Frank McGuire, the recently retired coach at South Carolina, has done a great deal for college basketball, while exhibiting a special charm, class and style. If he isn't the Sportsman of this year, special recognition is due him from SL, whose pages he has graced so often and so well.

JAMES J. CORRETT
Oakland, N.J.

Sir:

I nominate Bear Bryant.

REX DEASON
Hollywood, Fla.

Sir:

John McEnroe. I think his behavior in the U.S. Open and Wimbledon finals was perfectly justified. For all the pleasure he gives us tennis fans, we can put up with his antics.

KATE HEALEY
Olympus Fields, Ill.

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A color photograph of two men in Western attire. The man on the left wears a light-colored cowboy hat, a red shirt, and a brown vest, holding a lasso. The man on the right wears a darker cowboy hat and a brown shirt, leaning on a wooden post and holding a lit cigarette. The background is dark and moody.

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